# THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIX. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 39 PARK ROW. NEW YORK JULY 4, 1863. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 18.



[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]


## EVERMORE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Sum and fun, and sun and gun,
A little fun and a little sun;
Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain,
Ever and evermore.

Night and day, and day and night,
Dew and dew, and dust and dust;
Out of the darkness, into the light,
Ever and evermore.

On and onward drives one back
From the dust, and in the shade;
Out of the daylight into the dark
Ever and evermore.

Now a lover with joy to greet,
Then a heart that is broken sore;
Meeting to part, and parting to meet,
Ever and evermore.

Giving to take, and taking to give;
Loosing backward, looking before;
Living, to-day, and dying to live,
Ever and evermore.

Two and two, one and one,
Show of good, and evil show;
The day of our life is made of two,
Ever and evermore.

## THE SILVER DIGGER.

### A TALE OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

BY ILLOUS CONSTELLANO.

### CHAPTER XIV.

HOW WITH HIS FRIENDS.

The activity and self-possession of Mion were preportionate to his peril. He hurled himself against the bandit-lieutenant with all the vigor of which he was capable. The result was gratifying. The villain's hand came in such violent contact with the wall of fibre, as he fell, that he lay quivering and insensible at the feet of his late prisoner, and the way to freedom seemed open.

Mion was not the man, however, to run away and leave his friends in the power of the enemy. In the next three or four of the robbers appeared thereon, coming from a nook inside which he had not noticed the day preceding. They were all armed, and at once took up a menacing attitude between him and the liberty he was seeking.

Mion quickly halted. His proposed flight was cut off!

The darkness in which he stood favored the prospect his mind formed at this instant.

Dragging the prostrate form of the bandit-lieutenant aside, like a sleeper given, he tore off his outside cloak, hat, etc., and put them on in the place of his own. Drawing on his boots, he rushed back into the midst of the robbers, who were now bursting into a storm of loud, lighting torches, uttering questions and exclamations, and confusing and impeding one another.

Snatch the pit, all of "you," he shouted, imitating the tones of the bandit-lieutenant, as he led the way in that direction. "Be lively!"

The whole force of the robbers was instantly employed in the excavation of the cellar. Mion continued to give commands and utter suggestions, making himself prominent in the place, and readily passed for the bandit-lieutenant. He was not free from occasional apprehensions, however, not knowing how much or how little the real lieutenant had been stunned by his fall, and he accordingly turned away from the pit the instant several of the robbers were lowered therein, and hastened back towards the entrance of the cave.

The robbers he had seen there were still on their guard, with the appearance of being fully aroused. Moreover, they had produced a light, which effectually cut off our hero's hopes of gliding out unseen.

How could he pass them?

The question was decided with Mion's usual promptness and coolness. The moans of the bandit-lieutenant urged him to instant action. Bounding to the spot where he had left his insensible foe, he shouted, still imitating the voice of the bandit:

"Here he is! I have found him! This way with your lights!"

The robbers addressed rushed in the direction indicated by the voice, while our hero glided into the shadows at the opposite side of the cave, went around the pit, passed it, and sped onward to the entrance of the cavern. In another moment he was outside of the cave, and hurrying along in the direction of the spot where his captors had left their mounted sub-day previous.

He knew that the discovery of the unconscious lieutenant, and the flight, would together with the confused questions and exclamations of so many men, would detain them a few moments, and vivid hopes and resolutions came to him.

He struggled through wooded ravines and climbed rocky ascents, endeavoring to find the horses and mules; but the hope was destined to be disappointed.

The animals had either been moved, or his memory failed to guide him to the place of their concealment. After wandering till his weakness and exhaustion overcame him, he discovered by a roaring that suddenly took place in his hearing that he was back within a few hundred yards of the waterfall that concealed the entrance to the robbers' cave!

The next instant he heard voices and rapid footsteps near him, and a party of the robbers swept past him in pursuit.

Pacing with his exertions, after his long and weary days and nights of exhaustion, he made out his true course by the aid of the stars, as near as he could, and stole away from the spot.

By this time the hunt had become general. He heard the robbers spreading out in all directions around him, and could hear the loud and angry tones of the bandit-lieutenant.

He instantly saw that cunning and secrecy, rather than speed of foot, must save him, if he were saved at all, and exercised himself accordingly. Moving with the utmost caution, he made his way out of the range of the pursuit, and, resuming his way only when the sounds of pursuit seemed almost to die away.

Suddenly, as he was toiling slowly and wearily along a narrow pass, he came upon one of the robbers returning, with their lieutenant at their head.

"What'll the cap'n say to this?" asked a voice.

"I don't care what he says," responded the lieutenant, evidently in no cheerful his head. "I pounded on his door a long time, but he did not choose to appear."

They passed on and Mion resumed his way. After a long and wearisome journey, he reached home about the usual breakfast hour, and found his mother in the deepest affliction at his prolonged absence. He had barely had time to console his mother and sister, when she beheld Sedor Villaverde approach the cottage, and called her sons attention to the fact.

"The miserable coward!" he exclaimed. "If he had fought by my side, as a brave man would have done, I should have valued the robbers at the cabin, without doubt. I don't wish to see him!"

He retired to an adjoining room. A moment later, Villaverde presented himself before Señora Mion, with a look of assumed grief on his face. In as gentle terms as he could use, he announced the capture and subsequent death of her son, at the hands of the robbers.

"Are you sure that he's dead?" she asked, with a quickness that astonished the visitor.

"Oh, yes. He fell mortally wounded at my side, while we were bravely defending ourselves from the robbers. I learn on undoubted authority that he has since died!"

He gave the Señora a manufactured account of her son's encounter with the robbers, and of his own efforts to defend him, etc., winding up with a declaration that he should have reported to her sooner if it had not been for a vain hope that Mion would escape with his life.

"Perhaps the best answer I can make to all your fine declarations," responded Señora Mion, "is to introduce you to a gentleman who came here just ahead of you! Behold!"

She had heard her son at the door of the adjoining room, and her sudden and calm appearance with all the orderly inspired by his circumspect action. Villaverde hurriedly opened his hat with a wild cry of surprise, as his eyes rested upon the pale and stern features of Mion.

"Go, lying and cowardly wretch!" commanded Mion, sternly, as he pointed the visitor to the door, and never let his eyes leave upon my mother again. I know not what you mean by reporting me dead so unceremoniously, when you can have no certain evidence in support of your statements; but I do know that you are a cowardly and false-hearted creature! Go!"

Villaverde was only too happy at having an opportunity of leaving the house, and he went away without another word. After a brief conversation with his mother about Vira, Mion went over to see Enriqueta.

"If you're going out to slay soldiers here," said the damsel, after a short conversation with Mion, "you ought to find Sedor Villaverde, and him looking for Vira while you're gone. I told him yesterday that I knew where you were, but was so occupied with something else that he didn't seem to understand me. He'll be glad to had gone off with you."

"If I knew where Señor Torre is," said Mion, "I would go to him. If——"

"How's something he left behind him in his hurry," said Enriqueta, producing the chart Torre had made of his silver mine. "It seems to be new, and if you can make any sense of all these marks perhaps you'll find the."

Mion took the chart and examined it some time in silence. He thought he could make out the neighborhood represented, although not the exact spot. Thanking the damsel for her suggestions and kindness, he made haste to his home, and, after a hearty meal, mounted his steed, and, accompanied by Enriqueta, started for the mine. His strength seemed to have returned to him.

"Four leg," she added, "I have no heart to discard him. I could not live without I good steed."

She covered him with a blanket and watched beside him. Mion dozed off in the middle of the afternoon, and awoke with all his position vigor and strength.

"Oh, brother, how could you?" he cried, reproachfully. "Where all this while is poor Vira?"

Telling his mother that he might be absent two or three days, he set out to find Torre.

### CHAPTER XV.

A GREAT CHANGE!

Diego slept by the wayside till about the middle of the afternoon, and then returned to Enriqueta, to be warmly welcomed by her. She again regaled his with wines, and fruits, and all the luxuries of the climate. She treated him with a deference that pleased and flattered him, and he assumed to be best of his ability the character of one of his polite and fine-hearted knights. Each was charmed with the society of the other, and as Torre had left the premises quite at their service, the hours passed pleasantly and expeditiously, despite the absence of Vira.

"I tell you what I think, General Diego," finally said Enriqueta—the squire having indefinitely promoted him he had consented to serve his country scuffle as commander-in-chief—"I think you are a great scrape——I think Vira sent the ghost of Captain Mion before I did, and that she followed it to the hills; and, in her wildness and sorrow, has made her way to Mion!"

The squire pretended to be of the same mind, but he was in reality of a different opinion. He did not doubt that Vira had had news of Mion's escape and safety to the cabin. He would have declared as much to Enriqueta, but he knew the damsel would thereupon ask him to go at once to her rescue. As he was by no means at all secret to tackle in his breast, and constituted himself with shrinking, he was in no hurry for banishing all thoughts of it from his mind.

Enriqueta, perceiving that his physical powers of the squire had their effect. His tongue was loosened, his spirits enlivened, and his courage strengthened. He was full of anecdotal heroism, and entertained the damsel with thrilling tales of his wondrous prowess and martial renown. He insisted upon her drinking occasionally with him, and she obliged him until everything around her wore an enchanted appearance.

Out of this state of affairs grew a slumber and unexpected event.

The hilarity of the squire that, a certain stage of inebriation once passed, his natural quarrelsome way to the former of intoxication, and in this mood he was capable of designating and executing the most valorous deeds—deeds from which he would have recoiled in a sober moment.

This stage was at length passed.

Diego was in a state of furious and unreasoning drunkenness, although still in possession of his strength.

In this mood, his secret respecting the girl at Villaverde's grew upon his attention. He winked at Enriqueta, flourished his cloth, and looked wondrous knowing. At last he drew himself up with drunken gravity, and said:

"The hour has come!"

"What hour?"

"The one for which I have been waiting," said he waved his head out into the darkness of night, which had come over the scene—"the hour for the girl's rescue!"

"Who? Vira? Do you know where she is?" asked the damsel, whose head rested with the wine she had taken. "Do I dream? Do you mean that you know where Vira is and that you'll rescue her and bring her home?"

"I'll rescue my sweet morning. What but a single ball have, and you shall know all!"

"Where is she?"

"I am as part of Diego's present mood as he was in the earliest stage of his drunkenness, he conceded very much as a prudent and courageous man would have done in like circumstances. Quietly receiving himself for a short time, he left the house and set out for the cabin.

His natural cowardice had retired into the background, and the wild vigor and doggedness of his drunken frenzy stood out in bold relief.

He reached the cabin of Villaverde's mother, and rang for admittance. The response not immediately coming, he rang again. The door was then opened by Villaverde himself.

It is needless to say that the proprietor of the castle was on his guard. He held a pistol in his grasp under his coat, ready for use; but on seeing but one visitor, and not knowing anything threatening about him, he politely invited him to enter. Paquita, who stood immediately behind her master, uttered a wild scream of recognition and terror.

"It's the same one!" she shrieked—"the terrible robber!"

"It is, sir," rejoined Villaverde, producing his pistol, and retreating backwards into the parlor, in the full glare of its lights. "It is the man that broke the mirror and ate your pullet!"

"Yes—yes!"

He raised his gun upon the intruder, with a mental tribute of admiration to the courage and coolness with which he had advanced into the centre of the room.

For a moment they stood staring at each other.

"Perhaps you are the proprietor of this castle?" were the first words that came from the lips of Diego.

"I am, Señor, I am," replied Villaverde.

"Well, then, I have a little business with you, as I am aware that you have a young lady confined here against her wishes. Her name is Señora Torre. I have come to demand and enforce the release of the said young lady, and I will give you just thirty seconds to produce her!"

The face of the squire looked as rigid and implacable as destiny. Never to all his life had he assumed a more imposing and determined gaze.

"Your answer?" cried the squire, advancing boldly upon him. "Speak!"

Villaverde was startled by the daggers and peremptory address. He saw that no ordinary parleying would meet the case, and promptly fell back upon the force of arms.

He fired his pistol and dred full at Diego's heart—just an instant too late!

Like a storm of lightning the club had descended upon the pistol, striking it from his grasp. Another blow, and Villaverde lay quivering and senseless upon the floor.

With a scream of horror and fear, the old housekeeper turned to fly, but had not taken a third hasty step before the vice-like grasp of Diego was on her arm.

"If you do not wish to share your master's fate," he whispered, in his deepest and most implacable cruelty, "lead the way to the girl! No delay—no trifling!"

Paquita saw and felt her danger, and hastened to obey. A moment, and he had left the unconscious in the girl's apartment.

"I have come to save you, young lady," said the squire, quietly and politely. "You have only to take my arm and go with me, and you will be safe."

Vira was surprised at this second intrusion of the formidable looking stranger, but she readily comprehended by his earnest and direct words that he meant her well, whatever the mystery of his past or present conduct. She gave him her hand, and hurried down stairs with him. She had only time enough to see that Villaverde was moaning on the parlor door, and then she was hurried out of the castle, and conducted towards her home.

He kept up with the squire's gigantic strides till at least one half of the distance between her home and the castle was traversed, and then she paused to rest, weary and panting with her exertions.

### CHAPTER XVI.

FRESH TROUBLES.

In the meantime Villaverde had recovered his senses—learned from Paquita that the girl and her strange rescuer had just left the premises—and instantly set out for Torre's house, after telling the old housekeeper to follow him as rapidly as she could.

He took a short cut across the fields, exerted himself to the utmost, and reached Vira's home while she was yet on her way.

He saw the damsel out of doors, at the edge of the garden, where she was watching for the return of Diego, and calling upon him in a sudden sort of way not to come himself to peril. She was so much affected by the wine she had taken, and so intently watching for her hero's return, that Villaverde slipped into the house unnoticed and secreted himself in a closet opening off the parlor.

A few moments later the squire appeared, with Vira leaning on his arm, and Enriqueta ran to meet them, so fast as her condition would permit. We will not pause upon the joyful meeting, nor undertake to record its incoherent welcome Enriqueta gave her young charge.

All were soon seated in the house and rejoicing over the girl's rescue. The damsel had no language in which to express her admiration of Diego, and Vira was enthusiastic and grateful. Between the two the squire's mind must have been interested by sweet praise if the interested conditions of his head had not prevented him from receiving its full effects.

"Now don't say a word. Don't explain—don't say a word about it till morning," said Diego, as she finished speaking. "I am tired, for a sleeping powder. "Poor child! I can see how completely you are worn."

She stirred up a succotic two or three times as large as usual, and insisted that Vira should take it, which she did. Diego employed the time between in entertaining his wife with sanguinary narrations, and we soon something somewhat resembling—"Sedor and gluttons have!" exclaimed Enriqueta. "I've died here about the room!"

She shoved him into the digger's bed-room, and left him with kind wishes and benedictions. To the squire's great astonishment, he found the bed shown him lying around the room with extraordinary activity, and was compelled at last how to deposit himself upon it. At length, however, he found himself upon a chair, he waited till the bed came opposite him in its wild career, and then he succeeded in getting into the centre. He felt a little short, and was soon so much entangled in the sheets and things that he thought of mounting it, and exclaimed:

"Bless me!—I'm getting comfortable here!"

He stretched himself out at full length under the bed and was asleep.

"Now don't say a word," repeated Enriqueta, as she saluted Vira for the second time. "Lie down just as you are, and get a good nap."

The girl complied with all appearance of relief, and Enriqueta muttered a few soothing words, and left the room. She went, however, the weariness of Vira, in connection with the wine she had taken, almost instantly putting her to sleep.

The duenna expressed her satisfaction, locked the door, and went to sleep by the parlor, leaving the lamps burning.

She had scarcely a few minutes until the heavy and regular breathing of the trio showed that they were all in unconscious sleep, and she emerged from his concealment.

He had looked around him a little while before.

He had comprehended the condition of both Diego and Enriqueta, and had carefully lighted up his face.

He had seen his way to Vira's room, of which he already knew the location, and stood over the sleeping girl. He contemplated her features tenderly but firmly in his arms. He loosened a shawl that had been wrapped about her, and unconscious, as he bore her to his door, unlocked and passed out.

For a moment he paused upon the steps, looking back upon Enriqueta, while an expression of cruelty thoughtfulness flitted over his face.

"I'll take him to keep him out of the drunken rail," he muttered. "One thing is certain—I shall not be in much danger of being followed!"

A noise at his side caused him to turn, and he saw Villaverde's mother and sister coming in accordance to his orders.

"You will have her again," he muttered. "We are not yet defeated!"

For another moment he continued looking upon the sleeping duenna, with a murderous gaze in his eyes.

"Could they know enough to bring me into trouble?" he asked. "I'd since them both out for his castle. As it is, I'll run the risk. I have secret rooms enough to defy all they can do!"

He was the last to enter, and he locked out for his castle.

Enriqueta and Diego slept soundly all night, and until nine o'clock in the morning. The latter was the first to awaken. He was somewhat astonished to find himself lying on the floor, tumbled, but undressed, in a bed, and a few moments of reflection enabled him to realize the cause.

"Let's see," he thought. "The last I remember I was getting awful drunk with the assistance of a duenna. I must be at her house now. Probably to the old man's room," and he looked around. "I wonder if I made myself ridiculous? Ah, she was drinking with me, I remember, and may have been as silly as I was."

Seeing some water in a pitcher at one side of the room, he hastened to perform his ablutions, having heard Enriqueta stirring in the parlor. He had scarcely made himself presentable when


VIVA'S RETURN TO HER HOME.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

Estifania rapped on the door, and he went out to meet her. He saw that her head was bound up in a wet handkerchief, and at once inferred that she had been more or less influenced by her visitation.

"Oh, noble and generous man," cried Estifania, as she ran to him and caught both of his hands in her own—"I thank you for your heroic conduct in rescuing Vira from that cruel foe."

Diego was surprised, and looked inquiringly upon the speaker.

"There! Don't be so modest!" cried the dowess. "I will say what I feel!"

"Modest!" repeated the squire, a little cynically. "What have I done?"

"Why, rescued Vira from the death!"

Diego looked away to hide his derisive smile. He did not believe a word of the heroism ascribed to him. *He knew himself better.*

"I don't doubt your word at all, lady," he said, with an earnest bow. "If I have rescued the girl as you say, it would be one of the least of my many valorous deeds, but—I like to see it done."

"Certainly—certainly! I have not been under his unwilling to wished her to get off the easy as she could. But I'll only say—never mind."

She hastened to Vira's bed-room—and a wild scream of surprise came from her lips. Diego hurried to see, and found her staring wildly around, too much astonished at first to attempt to speak.

"Santa Maria, guard us," she murmured. "Can it all be a dream?"

They stormed the matter a few moments, and came to the conclusion that the entire affair of the rescue was a vagary of Estifania's disordered imagination.

"You *have* held taken a little too much," suggested Diego.

"Ah—no! I see—I see! If I had been sensible, I never would have thought such a thing of the good and kind Señor Villavarde!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE LAST ASSAULT.

It was near midnight. The scene was the same Torre had discovered. The walls and all his misery had wrought a great change in its appearance. Shells had been burst; crashing fissures created; large excavations made; and vast quantities of grim silver ore exhumed. The digging were all asleep, with the exception of Torre. They lay in a rude cabin, close at hand, while the old man, sleepless and restless, was busy with his new-found wealth, examining heavy bars of silver he had cast, looking over piles of ore, thrusting fuel into his furnace, and skimming the dross from his molten sea of treasure.

The picture he presented then toilling at midnight, in the midst of that desolate scene, was singularly strange.

He had his noble his elegant suit of clothes, and looked as haggard and dirty as usual, what with his toils in the mine, his disappointment and excitement.

Suddenly, as the old man thus watched his treasure and labored, a stone came rolling down a declivity near him, and a human form had slipped in descending the ledge. Torre instantly looked up—and seemed petrified at the object that met his gaze!

On a pinnacle of rock high beside and above him, and looking down upon the silver digger, stood a figure the most unexpected of all others!

Grimly and silently this figure looked down upon Torre, with a countenance as stern as the sternest of its gaze. There were the same wild eyes—the long, white, matted hair and beard—the same tattered garb—the same skeleton-like form—the same terrible aspect!

*The silver digger sank back upon a rude seat, and stared upon the intruder, unable to utter a speech—superstition, fear, surprise, and all the more powerful emotions, overwhelming him at once and the same instant.*

The figure quickly surveyed Torre a moment, then descended from its perch and approached him—seated into the shaft and fortunate—and examined all the ore and bars that the silver digger had left exposed—and then turned and his eyes upon Torre in a cold and haunting gaze that thrilled him through and through, and noiselessly glided up the rocks, disappearing from his view.

The strange apparition had scarcely left the scene when there came another from the declivity, from the opposite direction, guided by the chart Encinosa and given him, and it was Vira who had brought.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, in his cheerful voice, as he eyes rested upon the silver digger. "How do you do, Señor Torre? I'm glad I've found you!"

He extended his hand.

The old man stared awhile like one in a trance upon the intruder—then his gaze became a fierce, stern scowl, and he arose and grasped the ore again without speaking to see Miss's hand.

"What! Don't you know me?" asked our hero, as a sad smile broke over his face. "I am Conrad Miss!"

"Oh, I know that well enough," growled Torre, in a deep voice, "answered Miss. "No matter, though," he added. "Why are you here?"

"I came to tell you that Vira is missing, and to arrest you in the necessity of to instead search for her!"

"Oh, do it! Allow me to say that he's none of your business where Vira is! You'd better attend to your own affairs, if you want to prosper!"

"The whereabouts of Vira is my affair," replied Miss, "and I have special forces me to say so. What means this spoiky respecting the loss of your own daughter? Is it true that you denied you so dead to the instincts of a father? Ah!" he added, looking around, "you're digging and smelting silver, eh?" This is what claims all your attention?"

"It's nothing to you what claims my attention," shouted Torre, fiercely.

"Certainly not, except as Vira's fate is concerned with mine," answered Miss.

"Again it's Vira and Vira!" cried Torre, angrily. "I'll be honest, young man, and speak out with things that don't concern you?"

Miss again told Torre that his daughter was missing, and that he was overwhelmed with astonishment to hear coolness how he had found him; and implored him to join him in searching for her. To all of which Torre responded in the most abusive terms, declaring that he needn't concern himself about Vira; that he would never see her again; that she was nothing to him nor he to her; and that he had better breathe himself as much as he could.

"I shall search till I find her," cried Miss, at last. "Since you are so entirely corrupted, or so indifferent to your daughter's welfare, I will give her all my attention! I will search the whole country, and bring a regiment of troops, if necessary, to find her!"

His was continuing in this strain of stern resolve and rebuke, when Torre, watching his opportunity, struck him with an iron bar, felling him senseless to his feet.

"You'll trouble me no more," growled the monomaniac, as he proceeded to bind the hands and feet of our hero. "I'll soon restore your senses!"

Looking carefully around, and assuring himself that none of his assistants were stirring, Torre secured his treasures, extinguished or covered all his lights, and then raised the body of his victim in his arms and to his right shoulder. Gliding away to a shed where a few mules were standing, he placed the insensible Miss upon one of them, binding him to the saddle, and led the animal away.

"You've risked a secret worth ten thousand such lives as yours!" he muttered—"in search of my mine! I might to have been more determined that that—but only a passing mistake! How could I have imagined anything about it. The fact is, he meant to get out my secret, while pretending about Vira, much good, may it do him!"

He laid on his way with a purpose that could not have been misunderstood. As the night struggled higher and higher, he passed through a great variety of mountain scenery, and at length came to the top of a high peak, overlooking the valley, wooded valley, and towering hundreds of feet around it on all its mountainous boulders.

This peak was accessible on only one side—that by which the adventurers had ascended—the other sides being almost perpendicular, and presenting precipices to height. On the very summit, when all the light in the sky seemed to centre, there was a ledge of stone, and upon this, last surrounded by luxuriant grass and wooded and it was to this ledge that Torre led his mule and paused.

The extinction of Miss to consciousness had already been announced by low moans of pain, and Torre now removed the bandage from the animal's back. His next step was to carry him to the gigantic cone and deposit him upon the ledge, blessing across the rocky plateau as he advanced, and his face was turned to the valley and mountains; but Torre paid no attention to these circumstances, for which we may assume, was the purpose that had brought him hither.

"This is the place and the hour to dispose of him forever," he muttered, as he laid his dawn upon the stone. "My secret is safe—completely safe! I care for in the world depends upon his death; and I'll not shrink from the deed!"

He fell awful in his uncertain light, and strange and thrilling discoveries would have been made had any one been present to witness them. The rock before him was a huge sacrificial stone, with blood-stains upon it, and it, its sides and extremities, after the fashion of ancient altars, were carved the figures of the victims may and certain.

In a brief space of time Torre had bound Miss firmly to this stone—using, in addition to the security of thongs, several chains that were found there—and then he stood and gazed upon his victim.

A moment more, and Miss recovered his senses to find himself held as in a vice, and the figure of Torre standing grimly before him.

Without another word, the silver digger returned to his mule, and from the back of it he dragged forth by which he had come.

Then he returned where he was from the silver digger—who was perhaps better acquainted with the subject than any human being—and who was fully expected and counted upon, and his confusion failed to show the least surprise, the object of awaiting the doom invoked upon him.

His thoughts of the past and present and future would burn his exposed face and heat upon his brain, and he would turn his eyes to the valley that would surround him, with cries of rejoicing and shouts of triumph, and then to the sky, with chins and starvation which would combine with them his view.

Worse than all, he thought of the horrible manner in which he was to die—to be left on the utmost fatality naked himself where she was to be exposed, and become of hapless and his so powerless to aid her!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## CHANGE OF COLOR IN THE MAIL.

Dr. Warlop, in a treatise on "Diseases of the Heart," says that sudden change of color, or changing of the hair from black to white. A lady, who had been offered an engagement by the intelligence of a great change in her worldly circumstances, had, I am the details, become perfectly of dark hair, found, on the following morning, the whole of her hair had become perfectly white. Some striking instances of this kind are recorded by historians. Marie Antoinette, says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change of misfortune had wrought upon Marie Antoinette's features; her whole head of hair had turned almost white during the journey from Varennes to Paris." The Duchess of Marlborough, on hearing her escape during the horrors of the French Revolution, was found in prison; on the next morning it was observed that her hair had become white. Sir Thomas More, the author of Utopia, was in the Duke of Alva's camp, his exposure to the weather, and the fear of the authorities to test his courage. At midnight, the Prussel Marshal, looking around, "spies dig, gang and scullion, awoke him from his sleep, and to arrest you in the necessity of to instead search for her!"

"Oh, do it! Allow me to say that he's none of your business where Vira is! You'd better attend to your own affairs, if you want to prosper!"

"The whereabouts of Vira is my affair," replied Miss, "and I have special forces me to say so. What means this spoiky respecting the loss of your own daughter? Is it true that you denied you so dead to the instincts of a father? Ah!" he added, looking around, "you're digging and smelting silver, eh?" This is what claims all your attention?"

"It's nothing to you what claims my attention," shouted Torre, fiercely.

"Certainly not, except as Vira's fate is concerned with mine," answered Miss.

"Again it's Vira and Vira!" cried Torre, angrily. "I'll be honest, young man, and speak out with things that don't concern you?"

Miss again told Torre that his daughter was missing, and that he was overwhelmed with astonishment to hear coolness how he had found him; and implored him to join him in searching for her. To all of which Torre responded in the most abusive terms, declaring that he needn't concern himself about Vira; that he would never see her again; that she was nothing to him nor he to her; and that he had better breathe himself as much as he could.

"I shall search till I find her," cried Miss, at last. "Since you are so entirely corrupted, or so indifferent to your daughter's welfare, I will give her all my attention! I will search the whole country, and bring a regiment of troops, if necessary, to find her!"

His was continuing in this strain of stern resolve and rebuke, when Torre, watching his opportunity, struck him with an iron bar, felling him senseless to his feet.

"You'll trouble me no more," growled the monomaniac, as he proceeded to bind the hands and feet of our hero. "I'll soon restore your senses!"

Looking carefully around, and assuring himself that none of his assistants were stirring,

## THE VAMPIRE.

TOLD BY HIMSELF, BY ALLAN GIBSON.

### CHAPTER I.

You have often asked me, dear doctor, the cause of my strange behavior. You ask me now, and if you have the patience to hear a long story, I will tell you.

I am a Polander, born at Sandomir. That is to say, in a land where wonders and ghost-stories are articles of faith—where we believe in certainly traditions as firmly as in the Gospel. That was due in the literal Gospel. Not one of our statements is without a reason, and a certain fact has a familiar spirit. Take the old village, the Princes of Swit is recognized and feared more than the Princes of Swit themselves. The mysterious noises heard in the corridors, the grooms found in the morning with the mistletoe of their wooded valley, and towering hundreds of feet around by such evidences of malicious.

This peak was accessible on only one side—that by which the adventurers had ascended—the other sides being almost perpendicular, and presenting precipices to height. On the very summit, when all the light in the sky seemed to centre, there was a ledge of stone, and upon this, last surrounded by luxuriant grass and wooded and it was to this ledge that Torre led his mule and paused.

The extinction of Miss to consciousness had already been announced by low moans of pain, and Torre now removed the bandage from the animal's back. His next step was to carry him to the gigantic cone and deposit him upon the ledge, blessing across the rocky plateau as he advanced, and his face was turned to the valley and mountains; but Torre paid no attention to these circumstances, for which we may assume, was the purpose that had brought him hither.

"This is the place and the hour to dispose of him forever," he muttered, as he laid his dawn upon the stone. "My secret is safe—completely safe! I care for in the world depends upon his death; and I'll not shrink from the deed!"

He fell awful in his uncertain light, and strange and thrilling discoveries would have been made had any one been present to witness them. The rock before him was a huge sacrificial stone, with blood-stains upon it, and it, its sides and extremities, after the fashion of ancient altars, were carved the figures of the victims may and certain.

In a brief space of time Torre had bound Miss firmly to this stone—using, in addition to the security of thongs, several chains that were found there—and then he stood and gazed upon his victim.

A moment more, and Miss recovered his senses to find himself held as in a vice, and the figure of Torre standing grimly before him.

Without another word, the silver digger returned to his mule, and from the back of it he dragged forth by which he had come.

Then he returned where he was from the silver digger—who was perhaps better acquainted with the subject than any human being—and who was fully expected and counted upon, and his confusion failed to show the least surprise, the object of awaiting the doom invoked upon him.

His thoughts of the past and present and future would burn his exposed face and heat upon his brain, and he would turn his eyes to the valley that would surround him, with cries of rejoicing and shouts of triumph, and then to the sky, with chins and starvation which would combine with them his view.

Worse than all, he thought of the horrible manner in which he was to die—to be left on the utmost fatality naked himself where she was to be exposed, and become of hapless and his so powerless to aid her!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## CHANGE OF COLOR IN THE MAIL.

Dr. Warlop, in a treatise on "Diseases of the Heart," says that sudden change of color, or changing of the hair from black to white. A lady, who had been offered an engagement by the intelligence of a great change in her worldly circumstances, had, I am the details, become perfectly of dark hair, found, on the following morning, the whole of her hair had become perfectly white. Some striking instances of this kind are recorded by historians. Marie Antoinette, says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change of misfortune had wrought upon Marie Antoinette's features; her whole head of hair had turned almost white during the journey from Varennes to Paris." The Duchess of Marlborough, on hearing her escape during the horrors of the French Revolution, was found in prison; on the next morning it was observed that her hair had become white. Sir Thomas More, the author of Utopia, was in the Duke of Alva's camp, his exposure to the weather, and the fear of the authorities to test his courage. At midnight, the Prussel Marshal, looking around, "spies dig, gang and scullion, awoke him from his sleep, and to arrest you in the necessity of to instead search for her!"

"Oh, do it! Allow me to say that he's none of your business where Vira is! You'd better attend to your own affairs, if you want to prosper!"

"The whereabouts of Vira is my affair," replied Miss, "and I have special forces me to say so. What means this spoiky respecting the loss of your own daughter? Is it true that you denied you so dead to the instincts of a father? Ah!" he added, looking around, "you're digging and smelting silver, eh?" This is what claims all your attention?"

"It's nothing to you what claims my attention," shouted Torre, fiercely.

"Certainly not, except as Vira's fate is concerned with mine," answered Miss.

"Again it's Vira and Vira!" cried Torre, angrily. "I'll be honest, young man, and speak out with things that don't concern you?"

Miss again told Torre that his daughter was missing, and that he was overwhelmed with astonishment to hear coolness how he had found him; and implored him to join him in searching for her. To all of which Torre responded in the most abusive terms, declaring that he needn't concern himself about Vira; that he would never see her again; that she was nothing to him nor he to her; and that he had better breathe himself as much as he could.

"I shall search till I find her," cried Miss, at last. "Since you are so entirely corrupted, or so indifferent to your daughter's welfare, I will give her all my attention! I will search the whole country, and bring a regiment of troops, if necessary, to find her!"

His was continuing in this strain of stern resolve and rebuke, when Torre, watching his opportunity, struck him with an iron bar, felling him senseless to his feet.

"You'll trouble me no more," growled the monomaniac, as he proceeded to bind the hands and feet of our hero. "I'll soon restore your senses!"

Looking carefully around, and assuring himself that none of his assistants were stirring,

## THE VAMPIRE.

TOLD BY HIMSELF, BY ALLAN GIBSON.

### CHAPTER I.

You have often asked me, dear doctor, the cause of my strange behavior. You ask me now, and if you have the patience to hear a long story, I will tell you.

I am a Polander, born at Sandomir. That is to say, in a land where wonders and ghost-stories are articles of faith—where we believe in certainly traditions as firmly as in the

the fields and distant forests, looking like the fire-flies that one sees on a warm summer evening on the plains at Nice or Pisa.

Suddenly, as if she knew that the search would be short, stood at the door with the flame of the torch she still held flickering in the wind. Not a tear rose to the eye of the double mother—and yet it was easy to see that despair was in her heart. Gregoriska stood a little in the background and I on his side. In a half hour we saw the torches returning; only this time, instead of shining all over the field, they were aimed around a common centre. At last we caught sight of a reds litter and the body of a man stretched upon it. As the cortège came to the court-yard I saw the expectant mother; they instantaneously lifted their tops and preserved a profound silence.

Soutenada waved her hand and led the way to the large saloon, where the body was laid. Then with a gesture of superb dignity, dismissed the servants, and kneeling by the side of her dead son, smoothed away the long hair that had fallen over the face, and looked with tearless eyes upon the blood-stained shirt. The wound was on the right side and had been made by a knife.

I remarked that the nose of the boy had noticed at Gregoriska's side his long hunting-knife. I looked for it to reveal—as we say in sporting—the parade aided the waiter and dipping her handkerchief in it, washed the wound.

The scene before me was of some frightful and sublime. This immense saloon, lighted by the flaring torches—these women, their costumes all together, who was calculating with cool deliberation the length of time since her son had expired—the profound silence; all compared, as I said, a most impressive scene.

At last Soutenada rose from her knees. "Gregoriska," she said, "remain with me and listen to me."

Her son, with a shudder, obeyed. As he drew near the corpse the blood flowed more rapidly and more profusely. Soutenada, who evidently did not notice this, for the sight of this sanguinary blood would have shown her that it was not necessary to seek further for the murderer.

"Gregoriska," she continued, "I know that you and your brother did not love each other; he was a son of the former and you the commissary's you a son of the world; but still I am sure that you will permit me to question you, and that I leave to you the duty of avenging his death."

"Give me the name of the murderer, my mother, and I swear to you that before the expiration of an hour his dice at my hand, if you deemed that expiation of his crime."

"Swear him, my son, swear—that not one stone shall stand upon another of his dwelling; that his mother, his children and his wife shall perish at your hand. Swear to me, moreover, by this solemn oath, do not trust to all upon your eye and the satisfaction of having revenged me in my particular."

Gregoriska laid his hand on the corpse. "I swear," said he, firmly and solemnly, "that the murderer shall die."

At this strange oath, whose true meaning I alone understood, I saw the old woman, who was slowly open; I felt their hideous glare on my face. I felt them burning into my brain—and I fainted.

When I woke I was in my own apartment, the two waiting-women watching at the side of my couch. I asked for Gregoriska, who was with the corpse of her son, for Gregoriska—he had written for the monument. Then there was no end of night now. Was not Kostaki dead? Then were now in my thoughts, and I said, Caught I went.

"Spring, darling, sugar and sour, pastel away."

"Waking or sleeping, I will see those burning eyes."

The morning of the funeral Soutenada sent me a widow's dress and deep veil. I mechanically accepted them, and went down. The house seemed utterly deserted; all had gone to the chapel. I followed. As I opened the door Soutenada advanced to meet me. She was as pale as a statue of despair. With movements like those of a statue, she led me to the coffin, and in a sepulchral tone pronounced the well known words—"Kostaki loves you still."

You can have no idea of the effect produced upon me by this strange and terrible proclamation of love in the present, instead of the past; this love now, instead of long ago—from father to son—beyond the tomb united me with fear.

At the same time a strange idea took possession of me. I fancied myself the wife of the dead man, and not the friend and lover of his brother. The hair attracted me as a serpent attracts the bird. I looked for the wound!—a new bias leaning against a marble column. He did not see me.

The monks from the monastery of Hango chanted the psalms of the funeral service. I knelt to pray; but the prayer expired on my lips; my mind was in such a state of bewilderment that it seemed to me that I was participating in some fiendish mockery instead of a religious ceremony.

As they lifted the coffin I became faint. Soutenada saw me and came nearer, at the same time beckoning to Gregoriska to approach. I was in a peculiar posture. His manner within him to translate the words she now addressed to me.

"You mourn for my son, Hedwig—for you loved him. I thank you for your tears. From this hour you are as much my daughter as if Kostaki had been your husband. Apart from that you have neither country nor home save what you find in my arms and, should you die, I am now and let me alone follow him to his final resting-place—then let me share your grief and my sorrow until I have conquered it."

I answered only with tears to these words. From the window of my sleeping-room I watched the melancholy procession. Soutenada and I stood stop road. The convent of Hango was a half league from the chateau. It was November; the days were cold and short; at five it was dark. At seven I saw torches in the distance—all was over.

I cannot describe to you the strange nervous oppression of that evening; thrills of terror overpowered me. I watched the hands of the clock until they pointed to a quarter of nine—the hour that Kostaki had died. Then I felt a new sensation added to my old terror. Something like a stupor overcame me; my eyes grew weighted down with heavy sleep. I staggered to my couch. I heard a step in the corridor; the door opened. I saw and heard no more; but I felt a sharp pain in my throat. Then all fell into a complete lethargy. At midnight, when awoke, my candle still burned. I wished to rise, but was so weak that I made the attempt three times without success; at last I conquered this weakness, and, placing the same pain in my throat, I dragged myself to the mirror. Something like a pin prick covered the spot. I thought it the bite of some insect, and, utterly exhausted, threw myself again on the bed. In the morning I awoke unrefreshed and with the same sensation of languor that I had once experienced after being bled. The day passed slowly and sadly; at night the same sensation of sluggishness overcame me. At nine I heard the steps, and my door opened, and felt the same sharp pain. I awoke at midnight, strengthless and pallid. The next night and the next the same thing occurred. The following day I determined to see the physician, when a servant entered to say that Gregoriska wished to see me.

I rose to receive him, but fell back half faint-

ing in my fauteuil. He uttered an exclamation and threw himself at my feet. I repulsed him.

"What are you doing here?" said I.

"Alas! I come to ask your pardon. Tell you that, deprived of your love and your presence, the world is insupportable for me, and I am about to retire to the monastery of Hango."

"You may be deprived of my presence," said I, "but not of my love."

"Then you will pray for me, dear Hedwig?"

"Yes; but not long," said I, with a smile.

He looked earnestly at me.

"Why are you pale?" he said, quickly.

"If I should tell you," I answered, "you would not believe me."

"No, no, Hedwig; tell me, I implore you. We are in a country that has preserved a proof of a family like none other. Tell me quickly."

I confessed all—all the strange hallucination that had taken possession of me at the hour of nine—or a quarter of nine. The terror, the destiny chill, the stupor, the step that I heard and the opening of the door, then the sharp pain and the succeeding pallor and loss of strength.

I suspected that my tale would seem to Gregoriska the ravings of fever. He listened with gravity; but I saw that he listened with more interest and veneration. He was silent for a few minutes when I had ceased speaking.

"Then," said he, "you fell asleep each night at a quarter of nine?"

"Yes, notwithstanding every effort I make to prevent it."

"Permit me to examine the little scar on your throat, of which you speak."

"Hedwig," said he, "do you trust me?"

"Yes, my friend."

"Then, Hedwig, I assure you that you have not eight days to live, unless you consent to obey my simplicity."

"And if I obey you, what then?"

"You will be saved, perhaps."

"Perhaps!"

"Listen to me," he said. "In your country there is a tradition—"

A ray of light dawned upon me.

"Vampire!" I said, quickly. "Yes, I saw my gardener in a village cemetery forty persons who had died in two weeks in a most mysterious manner. I have also left you a story of every institution of being vampires; that is, they were like this with a fresh color; the others were their victims."

"And what was done?"

"The vampires were burned."

"But that is terrible!" said he. To deliver you from this phantom, I must first know who it is; and if necessary, I will dig up all the dwellings the land-strength with him, whoever it may be, even if it be my own father. Hedwig, you have my secret, go alone to the chapel; conquer your illness and weakness, Hedwig, I forbid you, otherwise you are lost. There we will receive your confession; do not hesitate, you must be believed! To defend you before God and man I would have the right to watch over you—and I watched!

He went away.

"The vampire were burned."

But that he should watch over me

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1863

THE CLUBS OF THE LEDGER AND UNPARALLELED CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We are much pleased the accumulation of subscribers to the LEDGER, and the increase of our circulation, which is daily taking place, is due to the merit of the paper itself, and a legitimate result, and circulation is larger than that of any other literary paper in the world.

WE ALWAYS SEND the LEDGER in the beginning of the year, at the time for which it is paid, to all of the weeks in the year, it would be well to renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

NO TRIFLING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any person pretends to act as such for us, we are not to be known as a subscriber.

WE CANNOT change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us the former, as well as the present address.

REGISTER MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR TERMS.

Single copies, $3 per annum. Two copies, $5. Four copies, $8, eight copies, $15. Postmasters and others who get up clubs are entitled to the following premiums: For a club of four, a copy of the LEDGER for one year; for a club of eight, a copy will be mailed to each of four. Terms invariably in advance. Specimen numbers sent gratis to those who wish to obtain subscribers and make up clubs. Remittances may be made in subscription, to pay the American postage, which in half a cent for each paper. Where a draft can be obtained, it should be sent in preference to bills. When a draft or bill cannot be procured, and a letter is sent, it will be registered, as it will then be at the risk of the publisher.

☞ We cannot see receiving Canada money at par. It is not current in the United States.

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 44 Ann street, New York.

# NATIONAL INSULTS.

## THE DUKEDRAKE, OR MR. CRAMPTON.

### BY EDWARD EVERETT.

It will be remembered that at the time of the "Trent" affair, the English replies to us, without exception, for the unchristian purposes of goading the public sensibility up to the war pitch, represented the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell as one of a series of insults offered by our own officers to the Government of the United States by Great Britain. This was the theme of the official utterance of our government, given before any steps were taken by that of England, that Captain Wilkes had acted of his own accord, and without any instructions, special or general, from Washington. It seems to have escaped the journalists and the politicians engaged in this nonwriting attempt, that it was either a very complimentary to the President of England to represent him as having for half a century tamely pocketed a series of affronts, put upon her by America while we were united and strong, and as rushing into a war with us now in exile, which, as was asserted, we had been so insane as to offer her while we were engaged under the burden of a frightful civil war. But neither the glaring improbability of the conduct imputed to our government, nor the stain implied upon the honor of their own flag and of the same acquiescence, had the least effect upon the predicted or reproduced press of Great Britain. The calumny was repeated from hour to hour and not, till it passed into the popular belief. Even the cautious editor of Mr. Lodge's correspondent assumes it as an admitted fact.

I here, in former numbers of this series of papers, nearly gone through the list of these affronts, which, according to the English, we had the effrontery to attempt to put off upon her world with, *coupled in many of them, the truth and assertion of the case was averred and proved to be so by the highest British authority*; I proved this to be so largely in the case with reference to the North-eastern boundary. Questions of more immediate interest having, for the moment, intervened, I have devoted my attention to their discussion. I now resume my reconsideration of the so-called "National Insults," of which one or two only remain to be examined.

It will be recollected that, in a very elaborate and carefully prepared article in the London Quarterly Review (January, 1863), which may, more than any other journal, be regarded as the organ of the political and literary aristocracy of England, it was remarked, relative to the "Trent" affair, that "the conduct of American toward England, for the last fifty years, has been uniformly too offensive to permit us to think that the late explosion of ill will was accidental, and it has culminated at last in an outrage which leaves us no alternative but expostulation or war. We have borne much patiently and long. * * * Let us lavishly recapitulate a few facts, and then ask whether the behavior of the United States to this country has been that of a loyal friend or of a *grudging and halting adversary*."

With this antithesis aligned in front, the writer, who is not a venal penny-a-liner, but, if we are correctly informed, a person of high social and political position, proceeds with a detailed record of raking open the sores of the last half century, to find in the wretchedness of our own government and countrymen that they have, during all this time, been the subject of victims of a series of studied insults. The last named of these is the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, which is stated in the following terms:

"During the war with Russia, Mr. Crampton, our Minister at Washington, unwisely, as we think, endeavored to avail himself of the offer of liberty to enlist soldiers in America to enlist for the Crimea. He paid the passage of some persons who had taken service with us, and he thought himself justified in so doing, as he was moved by the opinion of an American judge declared in open court, that such an act was not forbidden by the laws of the United States. But the British Government, before any complaint was made, [complaint of what?—author's insert], and when the American Government did complain, in haste and apology for the unauthorized act, thereby a high-minded and honorable power should have known that no slight was meant, at once apologized. No other explanation was asked for, as in truth there could be none other given. Mr. Crampton was recalled, but in selling an extra salary, and perhaps, also, with the most complacent satisfaction on earth. Our ambassador was dismissed, and by the law of nations, upon which we respect, the dismissal of an ambassador is not a cause for war, as again explained. Such was the triumph of America. The line seemed to have quailed before the Russian bear, but the lesson was not lost upon us that the England did not dare to go to war with the United States."

Now every statement of fact, without exception, in this passage is incorrect; the motive of the conduct was so studiously kept out of sight or misrepresented, that no reader could infer it; and Mr. Crampton's dismissal wholly ignored. The existence of recruits to serve in the Russian army power is not only forbidden by our laws, but equally so by those of England. Before the passage of the present law of England, Mr. Crampton's organized system of recruiting, instead of being an "unwise" act, was undertaken with the knowledge and approbation of his government, and in pursuance of an act of parliament of the preceding session. The British Government did not prohibit it "before any complaint was made," and Mr. Crampton, perceiving that he was not violating the law of the United States, continued his operations after the discontent of our government was known to him. It was not because the explanations of the British Government were not satisfactory that Mr. Crampton was dismissed; both Mr. Marcy and Lord Palmerston declared that they were mutually satisfactory. He was dismissed because his own conduct was highly objectionable, and the terms in which he had spoken of the conduct of the American Cabinet, in the despatches published by his own government, were personally offensive.

But I will not rest the case on any statement or opinion of my own. Fortunately there is authority, which will not be suspected of leaning toward the American side of the question. At the session of Parliament in which Mr. Crampton's dismissal of Mr. Crampton, the subject was brought up in the House of Commons, and then after the communication of all the papers in the case.

A motion was made on the 30th of June, 1856, by Mr. G. H. Bentinck, that "the conduct of her Majesty's government, in the differences which have arisen between them and the government of the United States, on the question of enlistment, has not entitled them to the confidence of this House." In the course of his speech in support of his motion, he charged Mr. Crampton with knowingly violating the law of the United States, as explained to him by his own legal adviser; he accused Lord Clarendon of approving Mr. Crampton's proceedings, and of maintaining that they did not violate the law; and he left the English people under the impression of the coarse taken by the American government, or to the manner in which they had viewed it, and the reasons which they had given when replied to Mr. Moore, defending the government, but, according to the short report of the debate in the Annual Register, not uttering a word in defense of Mr. Crampton. The motion was followed by Sir F. Thesiger, *ex-Attorney* Lord High Chancellor. His language was clear and declared, that "the attorney general, in his opinion, had taken a very extraordinary view, wholly unusual view of international law, which had unfortunately been adopted by Mr. Crampton and endorsed by Lord Clarendon." *Sir Frederick found in the papers "indications of a secrecy regarding the enlistments, which he considered strong proofs that the parties knew that their proceedings were illegal, and he maintained that the enlistments which were made in the dominions of Mr. Buchanan were neither distinct nor explicit." Sir Frederick maintained that "it would be turned the bold assertion by Lord Clarendon that the law of the United States, Congress could not concede, and he insisted that England had thereby been placed in a position of a power which could it absolutely necessary to take steps to vindicate the honor of the country." He laid down as a principle deemed by them erroneous, but which Lord Clarendon had adopted, the following notions. *If her Majesty's government* "he observed in conclusion, "*had been aware of the existence of this and secret scheme they had set on foot and carried out, for the purpose of violating the municipal law of the United States, the dismissal of our minister would have been the least part of the punishment our government, and we must admit that it was the consequence of the acts of our own.*" Mr. Bailie Cochrane, who had been present under which Mr. Crampton acted, "were, in his opinion, wrong." He expressed his regret at the course which Lord Clarendon had taken. Mr. Collier declared, that "although every precaution was taken by Mr. Crampton to prevent any breach of the municipal law of the United States, it did appear that the persons had engaged in the transaction, professing to act with an authority they had never received, and which, moreover, were calculated to compromise our friendly relations with that country." The attorney general Gibson asserted that "there were passages in Mr. Crampton's letters which appeared to him to be wrong with respect to some of them, the truth and position of the case were strongly stated and proved by the highest British authority; I proved this to be so largely the case with reference to the North-eastern boundary. Questions of more immediate interest having, for the moment, intervened, I have devoted my attention to their discussion. I now resume my reconsideration of the so-called "National Insults," of which one or two only remain to be examined.*

It will be recollected that, in a very elaborate and carefully prepared article in the London Quarterly Review (January, 1863), which may, more than any other journal, be regarded as the organ of the political and literary aristocracy of England, it was remarked, relative to the "Trent" affair, that "the conduct of America toward England, for the last fifty years, has been uniformly too offensive to permit us to think that the late explosion of ill will was accidental, and it has culminated at last in an outrage which leaves us no alternative but expostulation or war. We have borne much patiently and long. * * * Let us lavishly recapitulate a few facts, and then ask whether the behavior of the United States to this country has been that of a loyal friend or of a *grudging and halting adversary*."

With this antithesis aligned in front, the writer, who is not a venal penny-a-liner, but, if we are correctly informed, a person of high social and political position, proceeds with a detailed record of raking open the sores of the last half century, to find in the wretchedness of our own government and countrymen that they have, during all this time, been the subject of victims of a series of studied insults. The last named of these is the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, which is stated in the following terms:

"During the war with Russia, Mr. Crampton, our Minister at Washington, unwisely, as we think, endeavored to avail himself of the offer of liberty to enlist soldiers in America to enlist for the Crimea. He paid the passage of some persons who had taken service with us, and he thought himself justified in so doing, as he was moved by the opinion of an American judge declared in open court, that such an act was not forbidden by the laws of the United States. But the British Government, before any complaint was made, [complaint of what?—author's insert], and when the American Government did complain, in haste and apology for the unauthorized act, thereby a high-minded and honorable power should have known that no slight was meant, at once apologized. No other explanation was asked for, as in truth there could be none other given. Mr. Crampton was recalled, but in selling an extra salary, and perhaps, also, with the most complacent satisfaction on earth. Our ambassador was dismissed, and by the law of nations, upon which we respect, the dismissal of an ambassador is not a cause for war, as again explained. Such was the triumph of America. The line seemed to have quailed before the Russian bear, but the lesson was not lost upon us that the England did not dare to go to war with the United States."

Now every statement of fact, without exception, in this passage is incorrect; the motive of the conduct was so studiously kept out of sight or misrepresented, that no reader could infer it; and Mr. Crampton's dismissal wholly ignored. The existence of recruits to serve in the Russian army power is not only forbidden by our laws, but equally so by those of England. Before the passage of the present law of England, Mr. Crampton's organized system of recruiting, instead of being an "unwise" act, was undertaken with the knowledge and approbation of his government, and in pursuance of an act of parliament of the preceding session. The British Government did not prohibit it "before any complaint was made," and Mr. Crampton, perceiving that he was not violating the law of the United States, continued his operations after the discontent of our government was known to him. It was not because the explanations of the British Government were not satisfactory that Mr. Crampton was dismissed; both Mr. Marcy and Lord Palmerston declared that they were mutually satisfactory. He was dismissed because his own conduct was highly objectionable, and the terms in which he had spoken of the conduct of the American Cabinet, in the despatches published by his own government, were personally offensive.

But I will not rest the case on any statement or opinion of my own. Fortunately there is authority, which will not be suspected of leaning toward the American side of the question. At the session of Parliament in which Mr. Crampton's dismissal of Mr. Crampton, the subject was brought up in the House of Commons, and then after the communication of all the papers in the case.

A motion was made on the 30th of June, 1856, by Mr. G. H. Bentinck, that "the conduct of her Majesty's government, in the differences which have arisen between them and the government of the United States, on the question of enlistment, has not entitled them to the confidence of this House." In the course of his speech in support of his motion, he charged Mr. Crampton with knowingly violating the law of the United States, as explained to him by his own legal adviser; he accused Lord Clarendon of approving Mr. Crampton's proceedings, and of maintaining that they did not violate the law; and he left the English people under the impression of the coarse taken by the American government, or to the manner in which they had viewed it, and the reasons which they had given when replied to Mr. Moore, defending the government, but, according to the short report of the debate in the Annual Register, not uttering a word in defense of Mr. Crampton. The motion was followed by Sir F. Thesiger, *ex-Attorney* Lord High Chancellor. His language was clear and declared, that "the attorney general, in his opinion, had taken a very extraordinary view, wholly unusual view of international law, which had unfortunately been adopted by Mr. Crampton and endorsed by Lord Clarendon." *Sir Frederick found in the papers "indications of a secrecy regarding the enlistments, which he considered strong proofs that the parties knew that their proceedings were illegal, and he maintained that the enlistments which were made in the dominions of Mr. Buchanan were neither distinct nor explicit." Sir Frederick maintained that "it would be turned the bold assertion by Lord Clarendon that the law of the United States, Congress could not concede, and he insisted that England had thereby been placed in a position of a power which could it absolutely necessary to take steps to vindicate the honor of the country." He laid down as a principle deemed by them erroneous, but which Lord Clarendon had adopted, the following notions. *If her Majesty's government*"

## FLOWER-EDITION.

BY WILLIAM SIDE WALLACE.

I.

I plant the lily and the rose,
Blue violet, upon thy blithe repose!
Lily, the emblem love then art
Of his own innocent, pure heart;
Rose, thou art symbol of the perfect love
His grow for all below, for all above;
Lilies and roses, as his teeth
Heaven an everlasting bloom!

II.

I plant the laurel, staunch hero,
Dear one, with mingling smile and tear—
The smile for all those golden hours
We knew in friendship's fragrant bowers—
The tear because that time is past,
Too beautiful for earth to last.
Laurel, thou'rt emblem of the fame
Twined evermore with his high name;
Bright staunch, it is thine to be
Type of his immortality.
Ever in memory's inner tetter
Abide his sacred lambid shrine—
He has with thee and death so closely yest;
'Tis thine, oh solemn tree, to shade my heart
To glowing flowers, upon his tomb
Heaven an everlasting bloom!

III.

O fair, shed here thy softest light,
But, Tempest, never bring thy sight!
And thou, O Moon, on this blest place
Look ever with solemnest grace,
For flowers that bloom here to never bated,
While Peace and purpose Love made all his world!
O Nature, his own spirit
Compels thy tenderest light,
While brother flowers on his tomb
Heaven an everlasting bloom!

## SELF-MADE;

OR,

## "OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DUBAR AND THE AVENGING.

The moon is a god—He crowned
His circle in an azure ;
His mind by silver thoughts is bound,
His throne is in the sky.
He sees and did, and ever shall
Calm for himself a world unfelt.—Moore.

Time went on. Autumn faded into winter; the flowers were withered; the grass dried; the woods bare. Miss Merlin no longer sat under the green shadows of the old, elm tree; there were no green shadows there; the tree was stripped of its leaves and seemed but the skeleton of itself, and the snow lay around its feet.

The season, far from interrupting the intimacy between the heiress and her friends, only served to draw them even more closely together. This was the way of it. At the noon recess all the pupils of the school would rush madly out upon the lawn to engage in the lively, healthful and exciting game of snow-balling each other—all except Claudia, who, for her foot as a lady to enter into any such rude sport; and Isabel, whose attendance upon her only invalid parent would be peremptorily demand.

While all the others were running over each other in their haste to get out, Claudia would pass into the empty drawing-room, and seating herself in the deep easy chair, would call to her "gentleman in waiting," saying:

"Thomas, my young troubadour, bring your guitar and sing all sorrowful songs you know, my lord and lady are unhappy to-day, and need cheering."

And Isabel, filled with joy, would fly to obey the royal mandate; and soon seated at the hearth's feet, in the glow of the warm wood fire and to the gentle of her heavenly presence, he would lose himself in a delicious dream or love and music. No one ever intrude upon their interview. And himself grew to feel that he belonged to his lovely lady; that they were both equally dear and inseparable. And thus his days passed on in one glorious dream of bliss until the time came when he was rudely awakened.

One evening, as usual, he took home to Claudia. It was a bitter cold evening, and she took off her own crimson Berlin wool scarf and with her own fair hands wound it around Ishmael's neck, and charged him to hasten home, because she knew that indiscreet would be lying in wait to seize any loitering pedestrian that night.

Ishmael ran home, so happy as it was in the power of man to make him. How blest he felt in the possession of her scarf—her fine, soft, warm scarf, delicately filled with the aroma of Claudia's own youth, beauty and sweetness. He felt that he was not quite separated from her while he had her scarf—her dear scarf, with the warmth and perfume of her own sweet self within its meshes! That night he only wound it from his throat to fold it and lay it on his pillow that his cheek might rest upon it while he slept, that its sweetest sleep that ever dazzled his eyes.

Ah, poor, pale sleeper! this was the last happy night he was destined to have for many weeks and months.

In the morning he arose early as usual to hasten to school and—to Claudia. A second he got around his neck and set off at a brisk pace. The weather was still intensely cold; not a cloud in the sky was clear and the sunshine glittered "keen and bright!" upon the crisp white snow. Ishmael hurried on and reached Bradwell Hall just in time to see a large, fur-covered sleigh driven by a pair of fine horses, shoot through the great gates and disappear down the forest road.

A death-like feeling, a strange spasm, as if a hand of ice had clutched his heart, shot through Ishmael's breath at the sight of that vanishing sleigh. He could not rationally account for this feeling; but soon as he recovered his breath he inquired of old Jarvis, who was standing near and gazing after the sleigh:

"Who has gone away?"

"Miss Claudia, sir; her 'pa came after her last night—"

"Claudia—gone!" echoed Ishmael, reeling and supporting himself against the trunk of the bare old elm tree.

"It was most unexpected, sir; mist'ess sat up most all night to see to the packing of her clothes—"

"Gone—gone—Claudia gone!" breathed Ishmael, in a voice despairing, yet so low, that it did not intentionally reach the ear of Jarvis's narrative.

"But you see, sir, the judge, he said how he hadn't a day to lose, 'cause he'd have to be at Annapolis to-morrow to meet the legislature—"

"Gone—gone," wailed Ishmael, dropping his arms.

"And 'pears the judge did write to warn master and mist'ess to get Miss Claudia ready to go this morning; but seems like they never got the letter—"

"Gone!" moaned Ishmael.

"Anyways, it was all—" quick! march!" and away they went. And the word she go around as, after the court term is over, the judge he means to take Miss Claudia over the seas to Berlin paris in see the world."

"Which—which road did they take, Jarvis?" gasped Ishmael, stirring hard to recover breath and strength and the power of motion.

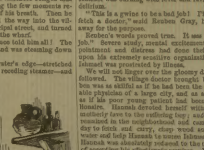
"Law, sir, the Baymouth road, to be sure! where they 'specs to take the 'Napolin boat, which 'ii 'll be a nigh thing if they get them in time to meet it, though day has taken the sleigh an' the fast horses."

Ishmael heard no more. Dropping his books, he darted out of the gate, and fled along the road taken by the travellers. Was it in the mad hope of overtaking the sleigh? As well might he expect to overtake an express train! Nothing was mad indeed; saddened by the condolence of his bereavement; but he started and fled; and he started after his flying love in the fierce, blind, passionate instinct of pursuit. A whirl of wild hopes kept him up and urged him—hopes that lent new strength to his arms, new nerve to the motion, or to refresh themselves, or that they might be dashed at the toll-gate to make change, or that some other possible or impossible little thing might happen to stop their journey long enough for him to overtake them and see Claudia once more; to shake hands with her, tell her good-bye, and receive from her at parting some token of regard—some last token of remembrance! This was now his only object of living; this was what urged him onward in the fearful chase! The cool Claudia once more—to see her eyes—to clasp her hand—to hear her voice—to bid her farewell!

And on he ran; rolling up hill, and running down dale; overturning all impediments that lay in his way; startling all the foot-passengers with the fear of an escaped maniac! On and on he sped in his mad flight, until he reached the outskirts of the village. There a steep pang and a sudden faintness obliged him to stop and rest, grudging the few moments required for the recovery of his breath. Then he set off again, and ran all the way into the village—down down the principal street, and turned down the one leading to the wharf.

A group of fishermen soon told him all! The boat had left the shore, and was steaming down the river.

He ran down to the water's edge—stretched his arms out towards the receding steamer—and



HANNAH WORTH RECEIVES A SHOCK.

cried with a agonizing cry of "Claudia! Claudia!" full forward upon his face in a deep swoon.

A crowd of villagers gathered around him.

"Who is he?"

"What is the matter with him?"

"Is he ill?"

"Has he fainted?"

"Has he been hurt?"

"Has an accident happened?"

"Is there a doctor in the crowd?"

All these questions were asked in the same breath by the various individual of the crowd that had collected around the insensible boy; but none seemed eager with an answer.

"Is there no one here who can tell who he is?" inquired a tall, gaunt-lady, mild looking man, stooping to raise the prostrate form.

"Yes—hi is Ishmael Worth," answered Hannibal, the blacksmith, who was a new-comer upon the scene.

"Ishmael Worth? Hannah Worth's nephew?"

"Yes—that is who he is."

"Then stand out of the way, friends; I will take charge of the lad," said the gray-haired stranger, lifting the form of the boy in his arms and going into his face.

"He is not hurt; he is only in a dead faint, and I had better take him home at once," continued the old man, as he carried his burden to a light wagon that stood in the street in charge of a negro, and laid him carefully on the cushions. Then he got in himself, and took the boy's head upon his knees, and directed the negro to drive gently and with the least jarring in the wearer's. And with what infinite tenderness the stranger supported the light form, and with what watchful interest he contemplated the livid young face, and so at an easy pace they reached the hill but.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

DARKNESS.

With such wrong and such wretchedness, what I suffered and
As a wild lover, through a city, rave, with lightning in his eyes,
And then dashes on a precipice, and there, all crushed and gory,
Strives to bind up his broken limbs, and bitterly drops and
Yet I did struck down before her! Do you blame me, Gentle
Then my strength of purpose failed me, and I sank upon the
Fast the glorified world rolled from me, on its rocking wheels
When the light broke, I was lying in the chair.—Longfellow.

Hannah Worth was sitting over her knitting-work and her busily engaged in needlework, when there was a gentle tapping upon the grey-haired man entered, bearing the boy in his arms.

Hannah looked calmly up, then threw down her work and started from her chair, exclaiming:

"Reuben Gray! you back again, after all? who have you got there?—Ishmael! Good heavens! what has come to him?—dead or poor boy!"

Nothing to frighten you, Hannah, my dear; he has fainted, I think, that is all," answered Reuben gently, as he laid the boy carefully upon the sofa.

"But, oh, my goodness, Reuben, how did it happen? where did you find him?" cried Hannah, frantically seizing first one hand and then the other of the fainting boy, and vainly endeavoring to rub them vigorously.

"I picked him up on the Baymouth wharf about half an hour ago, Hannah, my dear, but—"

"The Baymouth wharf! that is out of all reason! Why is he there, and how came he there since he started to go to, Bradwell Hall," exclaimed Hannah, as she violently rubbed away at the boy's hands.

Reuben was standing patiently at the foot of the bed, with his hat in his hands, and he answered slowly:

"Well, Hannah, I don't know how that might be; but I know I picked him up where I said."

"But what caused all this, Reuben Gray? What caused it? tell me what I want to know; can't you speak?" harshly demanded the woman, as she flew to her cupboard, seized a vinegar cruet and began to bathe Ishmael's temples and face with its stimulating contents.

"Well, Hannah, I suppose I will exactly; but 'pears to me some one went off in the boat as he was a-joining after."

"Who went off in the boat?" asked Hannah, impatiently.

"Law, Hannah, my dear, how could I tell? Why, there wasn't less than thirty or forty passengers, more or less, went off in that boat!"

"What do I care how many restless fools went off in the boat? Tell me about the boy!" snapped Hannah, as she came more near to the sofa-bed, poured out a little precious brandy (kept for medicinal purposes) and came and tried to force a teaspoonful between Ishmael's lips.

"Hannah, woman, don't be so impatient. Indeed it won't help any faith. I will tell you all I know about it."

"Well, then."

"I'm going to. Well, as-a, I had just taken charge of the judge's portmanteau down to the boat and got it well on, as the boat had just started, and I was just walking into my cart again, when I seen a gentleman a-tearin' down the wharf like mad, and a-tearin' round the corner like a rush of windsail streaks it down to the wharf and looks over the boat as if it was a-carrying off every friend he had upon the earth, and then he stretches out his arms and cries out aloud, and also on his toes like a tree out down. And then everybody cries out and how the boy was you spoken, and how he was a-going off, and how he was a-trying him home. And I, like both ores down a-board, I helped the boy into my cart with some good whiskey, and fried him home—"

While Reuben spoke, Hannah had given signs of returning consciousness, and then suddenly opened his eyes and looked around him.

"Drink this, my boy; drink this, my darling Ishmael," said Hannah, raising his head with one hand while she held the brandy to his lips with the other.

Ishmael obediently drank a little and then sank back upon his pillow. He gazed fondly at Hannah, behind whose head the sun was suddenly threw his arms around her neck, as she sunk down and laid her head upon his breast, piercing shrill with anguish:

"Oh, Aunt Hannah! she's gone; she is gone from me forever!"

"Who is gone, my boy?" asked Hannah, sympathetically.

"Claudia!" Isabelle!" he wailed, covering his convulsed face with his hands.

"Ishmael, you were with Bradwell Hall and all connected with it!" exclaimed Hannah, bitterly, as the hitherto unsuspected fact of Ishmael's fatal love flashed upon her mind—"my blackest fear was realized! Bradwell Hall all the hateful race! It was built for the ruin of me and mine! Curse it and its race!" she wailed out, over to herself, allowed Ishmael to enter its unlucky doors! Have you been there?"

The boy threw up his thin head with a gesture of solemn assent.

"Don't! don't! don't, Aunt Hannah! Every word you speak is a stab through my heart! Yes, I have been there, and I am in love with, and so covered his face with his hands.

"What see I in you?" said Hannah, sympathetically to Reuben.

"Nothing, my dear, but what you have done. Leave him alone to rest quietly. It is easy to see he has been very much excited, both in body and mind; and perfect rest is the only thing for what he has suffered."

Ishmael's hands covered his quivering face; they kept saying that he was not hearing one word relatively. He seemed to be struggling valiantly with a something that threatened the destruction of having betrayed his weakness, he uncovered his face, and looked up at Hannah, and spoke in a low voice:

"Dear Aunt Hannah, I am so sorry that I have disturbed you; cruel me; and let me be quiet. I am very much exhausted, and will be not with to be self-indulgent; but I am extremely sorry to have come from Bradwell Hall to Baymouth to get—to—to no—"

"Hush, my boy, hush, I say, and lie quiet!" said Hannah, with a sob, as she kissed his face, and then she arose and left the room, and Ishmael was left alone with his hands, and shook as with an ague, and then he

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ground so plenty as stones do down around here. Anyways, they're all gone: all the little critters as I have worked for, and cared for, and saved for—all gone, and left me flone to go all alone!"

That was very ungrateful, and selfish, and cruel of them, Reuben! They should have taken you with them! At least little Kitty and her husband should have done so," said Hannah, with many feelings that she did not betrayed.

"Law, Hannah, why, little Kitty and her husband couldn't! Why, child, it takes minis and minis of money to go from a penny-piece yonder to Chidbury! and it takes nine months to go the 'appy—like 'appy to go all round Cape—Cape Hope, to, Hans—Cape Horn! I knowed it was somethin' relating to cattle. Yes, Hannah—hundreds of dollars and months of time to do it; take to get to that gold region! and so, stead of them being able to take me with 'em, I had to gather up all my savings to help 'em to pay their passage!"

"Poor Reuben! Poor, poor Reuben!" said Hannah, with the tears springing to her eyes.

Thank you, thank you, dear; but I shall not be poor Reuben if you will be so kind," whispered Guy.

Reuben, can, I would—indeed I would—if I were still young and good-looking; but I am not so, dear Reuben; I am middle-aged and plain."

Well, Hannah, old sweetheart, while you have been growing older, have I been going bald-headed and growing, they tell me, plain? I think so to hear you talk. No, Hannah! I think there is just about the same difference in our ages now as there was years ago; and besides, if you were young and good-looking, Hannah, I would never do you such a wrong as to ask you to be the wife of a poor man like me, me! It is the fitness of our ages and circumstances, as well as our long friendship, that gives me the courage to ask you even at this late day, old friend, to make me your own and lonely home. Will you do so, Hannah?"

Reuben, do you really love me so?"

Love you! Why, Hannah, I should think you might know how much I love you, if you shouldn't mind it much. I don't want to boast, but I do hope we've got about as much manhood to be out of patience with women, and as much love for 'em, as you have, Hannah!"

Oh, you bad fellow; I never saw you out of temper in my life!"

Thank you, Hannah! Then it's a bargain?"

But, Reuben! about Ishmael?"

Lord bless you, Hannah! Why, I told you years ago, when the lad was a helpless baby, that he should be as welcome to a home with me as my own: and now, Hannah, at his age, with his learnin', he'll be a perfect treasure to me," said Reuben, brightening up.

In what manner, Reuben?"

Why, law, Hannah, you know I never could make my fist of reading, writing and 'rithmetic, and so the keeping of the farm-books is that the one great torment of my life. And I've been trying to keep them for me before she was married, Hannah, for I knowed it would be a help to the whole family; but since she have been gone she have left me in a awful muddle, and I'm afraid I'm in debt to the tune of a hundred dollars or more on account of nothing. Now, Ishmael, you know, could put all the books straight for me and keep them to rights."

If that be so, it will relieve my mind very much, Reuben," replied Hannah.

The appearance of Ishmael's pale face at the door put an end to the conversation for the time being. And Reuben took up his hat and departed.

That evening, after Reuben had bid them good night, and departed to the neighbor's house where he slept, Hannah told Ishmael all about her engagement to Guy. And it was with the utmost astonishment the youth learned they were all to go to reside on the farm with Judge Merlin—Claude's father! Well to live so near her house would make the task in duty to console his passion only the more difficult, but he was still resolved to offer his hopeless love.

Having once given her consent, Hannah would not compromise Reuben's dignity as a man and a player by making any more difficulties or delays. She spent the remainder of that week in packing up the few effects belonging to herself and Ishmael. The boy himself employed his time in transplanting rose-bushes from the cottage-garden to his mother's grave, and planting the second with a rude but substantial paling. On Sunday morning Reuben and Hannah were married at the church; and on Monday they were to set out for their new home.

Early on Monday morning Ishmael arose and went out to take leave of his mother's grave, and kneeling there, he silently renewed his vow to remain her name from reproach and give it to honor.

Then he returned and joined the travelling party.

Before the cottage door stood Reuben's light wagon, in which were packed the goods with their wearing apparel, the hamper with their provisions, and all the little articles required for the journey. Into this the Gray placed Hannah and Ishmael, taking the driver's seat himself. A heavier wagon behind this one contained all Hannah's household furniture, Reuben's bedroom and wheel and Ishmael's home-made desk and book-shelf, and in the front seat of it sat the negro who had come down to attendance upon the overseer.

The Professor of Odd Jobs stood in the door of the house, but still he had to bide back, waving adieu to the departing travellers. The perplexed man had cursed his appointment to the office, and take the key of the lot to the overseer at the hall.

The sun was just rising above the heights of Chidbury Hall and flooding all the vale with light. The season was very forward, and, although the month was March, the weather was like that of April. The sky was of that clear, soft, bright blue of an April morning, and above with shining splendor; the new grass was springing everywhere, and was sprinkled with early violets and snow-drops; the woods were budding with the tender green of the new vegetation. Distant, sunny hills, covered with apple or peach orchards all in blossom, looked like vast gardens of mammoth red and white rose-trees.

Even to the aged, spring brings reward of life, and to the young—and even pain here works at command to tell what exhilaration, what ecstatic rapture, it brings to the young, who are also sensitive and sympathetic.

Ishmael was all these; his delicate organization was susceptible of intense enjoyment or suffering. He had never in his life been ten miles from his native place; he had just risen from a sick bed as from a grave; he was going to spend the rest of his days in the midst of hills, and see what was on the other side; the morning was young, the season was merry, the world was fresh; his day seemed a new birth to Ishmael; this journey a new start in life; he joyously enjoyed it all, to him all was delightful,—the ride through the beautiful, green, blossoming woods; the glorious sun; the blue sky through the quivering upper leaves; the shining of the sun; the singing of the birds; the fragrance of the flowers.

To him the waving trees seemed bending in worship, the birds trilling hymns of joy; and the whole of nature appeared to be praising God.

Reuben, can, I would—indeed I would—if I were still young and good-looking; but I am not so, dear Reuben; I am middle-aged and plain."

Well, Hannah, old sweetheart, while you have been growing older, have I been going bald-headed and growing, they tell me, plain? I think so to hear you talk. No, Hannah! I think there is just about the same difference in our ages now as there was years ago; and besides, if you were young and good-looking, Hannah, I would never do you such a wrong as to ask you to be the wife of a poor man like me, me! It is the fitness of our ages and circumstances, as well as our long friendship, that gives me the courage to ask you even at this late day, old friend, to make me your own and lonely home. Will you do so, Hannah?"

Reuben, do you really love me so?"

Love you! Why, Hannah, you know I never could make my fist of reading, writing and 'rithmetic, and so the keeping of the farm-books is that the one great torment of my life. And I've been trying to keep them for me before she was married, Hannah, for I knowed it would be a help to the whole family; but since she have been gone she have left me in a awful muddle, and I'm afraid I'm in debt to the tune of a hundred dollars or more on account of nothing. Now, Ishmael, you know, could put all the books straight for me and keep them to rights."

If that be so, it will relieve my mind very much, Reuben," replied Hannah.

The appearance of Ishmael's pale face at the door put an end to the conversation for the time being. And Reuben took up his hat and departed.

That evening, after Reuben had bid them good night, and departed to the neighbor's house where he slept, Hannah told Ishmael all about her engagement to Guy. And it was with the utmost astonishment the youth learned they were all to go to reside on the farm with Judge Merlin—Claude's father! Well to live so near her house would make the task in duty to console his passion only the more difficult, but he was still resolved to offer his hopeless love.

Having once given her consent, Hannah would not compromise Reuben's dignity as a man and a player by making any more difficulties or delays. She spent the remainder of that week in packing up the few effects belonging to herself and Ishmael. The boy himself employed his time in transplanting rose-bushes from the cottage-garden to his mother's grave, and planting the second with a rude but substantial paling. On Sunday morning Reuben and Hannah were married at the church; and on Monday they were to set out for their new home.

Early on Monday morning Ishmael arose and went out to take leave of his mother's grave, and kneeling there, he silently renewed his vow to remain her name from reproach and give it to honor.

Then he returned and joined the travelling party.

Before the cottage door stood Reuben's light wagon, in which were packed the goods with their wearing apparel, the hamper with their provisions, and all the little articles required

thal his enemy was so near him. The housekeeper heard him lock and bar the door of his room with more than his usual caution. He tried it several times, as if to assure himself the bolts had been shot securely into their sockets.

"He must have brought a great deal of money with him," she thought; "and what is the good of it to him, when in hour's the least he spend nay? I wonder whether he will leave me anything when he dies! He can't live many years longer. His sins have never him out.

"What is it to him," she continued, musingly, "how much or how little I have saved? A precious fool I should have been if I had not taken some care against old age. He had enough — not enough!"

For some time Bab argued herself by reckoning upon her fingers the amount of her savings and pondering. Then she went down to the savings-bank, a smaller sum in the provident institution, and two hundred pounds lent to a neighbor at the West End, on good security.

Feeling cheerful at last, despite the pleasing nature of her occupation, the old woman retired to rest, promising to herself, "Not to-do, after all; not to-do!"

In rare, fact, in the hustle and excitement of active life, men are fated little time for reflection. The interviews are few and far between in which the wind, hastily dismissed from the business of the present, has either the courage or inclination to indulge in self-analysis to the detriment of morality and reason. How few of us, when with a mental shudder we review our past, summon through the investigation. Life, like the trail of the serpent, leaves its slime upon the heart; and the wisest and best find subjects for repentance. Not one man in the world, perhaps, can pronounce himself exempt.

"Yes was the case, and him so weak.

Who said, were he ordained to run

In long career of life unsung,

He would do all that he had done."

Poor Moore! we much heard his recital three lines himself, and have repeated them a hundred times since. They come home to us now.

Some such feeling passed through the mind of John Bentley when he found himself comfortable, hiding like a thief in the deserted offices of Michael Hannan—the man he affected to call friend as well as hate. He had started in life with the useless and dishonorable ambition of being considered up to fix—that is to say, legal dishonesty. At present he was sanctioned by any offense the law could exact; and, in the bitter humiliation of his retirement, he trembled and had hesitated. Had his character been unblemished, the chances are he would have receded from the project in contemplation—commenced a fresh career; but pride—the knowledge of ex-convicted life—

"It is no use shirking it," he said, and the race half," he thought. A strong breath, a swift flush, and a stern hand was stretched. Recollection now would be failure—shame—dishonor.

Hurling a coin in the air, he observed, by the perhaps, by the similarity of their reflections.

"Tried and true!" exclaimed he, laughing as he muttered. "I wonder he can return to these gloomy chambers—he scene of his grinding and extortions, the prison of his child. Poor Alice! Ah, she was a beautiful creature, notwithstanding to the father's eye—somewhat!

A slight sneer curled his lip, his eyes glistened, and he continued, musingly, "Strange that I should warned the speaker that his enemy was descended, beg, and he consoled still more closely unfold the pile of broken chairs and discarded office stools, which were to remain undisturbed as long as witness as well as hear everything that passed.

It was a painful picture. The old man, self-deserved, proud-spirited John Bentley, who carried his head so high upon Olympian shoulders, succeeded speculative in the cotton-market—treasking child, and, at last, wounded vanity, to drive his breath.

If a deep sense of humiliation—humiliation without repentance—could atone, the self-degraded man would have paid the penalty of his crimes a hundred-fold before. Never had he felt so completely unnerved. The door crashed upon its hinges as Michael Hannan burst it open, the sound vibrated in the very heart of the pile, reverberated through the roof.

The first sound of Michael Hannan's melodious voice he seems degraded—loathed by himself; it revived his hate, and with it all the evil passions of his nature.

The ex-money scrivener placed the candle he carried upon one of the empty desks, and gathering the folds of his faded dressing-gown round his meager limbs, seated himself on the corner of the room, and sighed heavily as he looked around him.

"How desolate the place looks!" he said, speaking aloud. "Yet I could return to it when every hope and energy I possessed were centred here. I was ruined by money then, coining it—quickened it from the distresses of my fellow-men. I loathe it now. Ah, too, proud Bentley, trading, doubting, to find the accustomed to a right hand—a right hand to make him. Money was a a premium then. Would I had not done so? for a return to the scene of the room, and sighed heavily as he looked around him.

"How desolate the place looks!" he said, speaking aloud. "Yet I could return to it when every hope and energy I possessed were centred here. I was ruined by money then, coining it—quickened it from the distresses of my fellow-men. I loathe it now. Ah, too, proud Bentley, trading, doubting, to find the accustomed to a right hand—a right hand to make him. Money was a a premium then. Would I had not done so? for a return to the scene of

"Bah, ah! Who has heard of me?" he muttered at the words.

The night was dark, so fortune appeared to favor them, and they separated, each taking a different road, walking at a rapid pace till they reached Cheapside. Neither uttered a word.

"Walk on the opposite side," whispered John Bentley; "we are being followed."

"Ah! you have your senses about you," observed his companion, in a low tone of voice.

Not daring to call each, the two ruffians, whose quality he knew by their dress, contented themselves with following at a distance, and at last lost sight of them in the crowd at the corner of Abbey. The drowsy porter merely opened the two persons passed the lodge; one he knew to be Michael Hannan. It was a matter of indifference who the other might be: one of his gay companions, no doubt, he thought, and went to bed. If he thought at all upon the subject.

On arriving at the apparently secluded chambers, they sneaked each into a chair. At that moment he would have given the world to be the possessor of the night, and he mentally repeated the words of Michael, which he had lately listened to with envy, "Who dare too late?"

The consciousness of his crimes had overtaken him at last. For their punishment he had some time yet to wait; and the vengeance of Michael Hannan the broken sleep—dread, palpying enjoyment in daily waking hours, may be considered a part of it. They had already fallen upon him.

"Then is what you have to tell me, Bentley," said the money scrivener, looking. "Did you imagine that I should not discover your treachery? I loathe it whilst I sting to it. My age is lonely as my youth, and when I die, no child will shed a tear upon my grave—offer up a prayer for my repose.

"Even the revenge, anticipation of which has kept me alive for years, seems to pall as it draws nearer. The hand and heart are gentler. That will fatten, at least, shall not escape me."

The speaker drew forth from his breast a large packet, securely sealed, which he placed in the iron safe, and turned the key. Then he took the table-cloth, that he pulled the door by the handle several times, as if to convince himself that it was locked.

"Bed, then," he said; "rest there till morning. Never has the old safe guarded a more precious deposit."

Taking up the candle, he passed for several minutes before the portraits of his wife, and sighed deeply as he contemplated the faded, dusty canvas. Then, as if moved by some sudden impulse, he turned hastily away, and disappeared by the private staircase, muttering as he went—

"You late! too late!"

The trembling bearer of this outburst of feeling—this weakness—for such he deemed it, smiled at the accents of self-reproach in which the words were uttered, and rejoiced in the conviction that his enemy was no happier than himself—say, not so happy, for age lent not yet closed the heart of John Bentley to the pleasures of the world; on the contrary, each evil passion ever the slave of its mad passions. Society as yet had not pulled him. Little did he imagine that the degrees not far distant when he too would exclaim—

"Too late! too late!"

Sooner or later the sad conviction arrives to all. The inexorable past—the present half like a specter, and it is rarely a pleasing one.

Creeping to the window, he opened it gently, so as not to attract attention; and for more than a quarter of an hour he remained—enough to set the listless of morality and reason. How few of us, when with a mental shudder we review our past, summon through the investigation. Life, like the trail of the serpent, leaves its slime upon the heart; and the wisest and best find subjects for repentance. Not one man in the world, perhaps, can pronounce himself exempt.

"Yes was the case, and him so weak,

Who said, were he ordained to run

In long career of life unsung,

He would do all that he had done."

Poor Moore! we much heard his recital three lines himself, and have repeated them a hundred times since. They come home to us now.

Some such feeling passed through the mind of John Bentley when he found himself comfortable, hiding like a thief in the deserted offices of Michael Hannan—the man he affected to call friend as well as hate. He had started in life with the useless and dishonorable ambition of being considered up to fix—that is to say, legal dishonesty. At present he was sanctioned by any offense the law could exact; and, in the bitter humiliation of his retirement, he trembled and hesitated. Had his character been unblemished, the chances are he would have receded from the project in contemplation—commenced a fresh career; but pride—the knowledge of ex-convicted life—

"It is no use shirking it," he said, and the race half," he thought. A strong breath, a swift flush, and a stern hand was stretched. Recollection now would be failure—shame—dishonor.

Hurling a coin in the air, he observed, by the perhaps, by the similarity of their reflections.

"Tried and true!" exclaimed he, laughing as he muttered. "I wonder he can return to these gloomy chambers—he scene of his grinding and extortions, the prison of his child. Poor Alice! Ah, she was a beautiful creature, notwithstanding to the father's eye—somewhat!

A slight sneer curled his lip, his eyes glistened, and he continued, musingly, "Strange that I should warned the speaker that his enemy was descended, beg, and he consoled still more closely unfold the pile of broken chairs and discarded office stools, which were to remain undisturbed as long as witness as well as hear everything that passed.

It was a painful picture. The old man, self-deserved, proud-spirited John Bentley, who carried his head so high upon Olympian shoulders, succeeded speculative in the cotton-market—treasking child, and, at last, wounded vanity, to drive his breath.

If a deep sense of humiliation—humiliation without repentance—could atone, the self-degraded man would have paid the penalty of his crimes a hundred-fold before. Never had he felt so completely unnerved. The door crashed upon its hinges as Michael Hannan burst it open, the sound vibrated in the very heart of the pile, reverberated through the roof.

The first sound of Michael Hannan's melodious voice he seems degraded—loathed by himself; it revived his hate, and with it all the evil passions of his nature.

The ex-money scrivener placed the candle he carried upon one of the empty desks, and gathering the folds of his faded dressing-gown round his meager limbs, seated himself on the corner of the room, and sighed heavily as he looked around him.

"How desolate the place looks!" he said, speaking aloud. "Yet I could return to it when every hope and energy I possessed were centred here. I was ruined by money then, coining it—quickened it from the distresses of my fellow-men. I loathe it now. Ah, too, proud Bentley, trading, doubting, to find the accustomed to a right hand—a right hand to make him. Money was a a premium then. Would I had not done so? for a return to the scene of

"Bah, ah! Who has heard of me?" he muttered at the words.

The night was dark, so fortune appeared to favor them, and they separated, each taking a different road, walking at a rapid pace till they reached Cheapside. Neither uttered a word.

"Walk on the opposite side," whispered John Bentley; "we are being followed."

"Ah! you have your senses about you," observed his companion, in a low tone of voice.

Not daring to call each, the two ruffians, whose quality he knew by their dress, contented themselves with following at a distance, and at last lost sight of them in the crowd at the corner of Abbey. The drowsy porter merely opened the two persons passed the lodge; one he knew to be Michael Hannan. It was a matter of indifference who the other might be: one of his gay companions, no doubt, he thought, and went to bed. If he thought at all upon the subject.

On arriving at the apparently secluded chambers, they sneaked each into a chair. At that moment he would have given the world to be the possessor of the night, and he mentally repeated the words of Michael, which he had lately listened to with envy, "Who dare too late?"

The consciousness of his crimes had overtaken him at last. For their punishment he had some time yet to wait; and the vengeance of Michael Hannan the broken sleep—dread, palpying enjoyment in daily waking hours, may be considered a part of it. They had already fallen upon him.

"Then is what you have to tell me, Bentley," said the money scrivener, looking. "Did you imagine that I should not discover your treachery? I loathe it whilst I sting to it. My age is lonely as my youth, and when I die, no child will shed a tear upon my grave—offer up a prayer for my repose.

"Even the revenge, anticipation of which has kept me alive for years, seems to pall as it draws nearer. The hand and heart are gentler. That will fatten, at least, shall not escape me."

The speaker drew forth from his breast a large packet, securely sealed, which he placed in the iron safe, and turned the key. Then he took the table-cloth, that he pulled the door by the handle several times, as if to convince himself that it was locked.

"Bed, then," he said; "rest there till morning. Never has the old safe guarded a more precious deposit."

Taking up the candle, he passed for several minutes before the portraits of his wife, and sighed deeply as he contemplated the faded, dusty canvas. Then, as if moved by some sudden impulse, he turned hastily away, and disappeared by the private staircase, muttering as he went—

"You late! too late!"

The trembling bearer of this outburst of feeling—this weakness—for such he deemed it, smiled at the accents of self-reproach in which the words were uttered, and rejoiced in the conviction that his enemy was no happier than himself—say, not so happy, for age had not yet closed the heart of John Bentley to the pleasures of the world; on the contrary, each evil passion ever the slave of its mad passions. Society as yet had not pulled him. Little did he imagine that the degrees not far distant when he too would exclaim—

"Too late! too late!"

Sooner or later the sad conviction arrives to all. The inexorable past—the present half like a specter, and it is rarely a pleasing one.

Creeping to the window, he opened it gently, so as not to attract attention; and for more than a quarter of an hour he remained—enough to set the serving-lands, a smaller sum in the provident institution, and two hundred pounds lent to a neighbor at the West End, on good security.

Feeling cheerful at last, despite the pleasing nature of her occupation, the old woman retired to rest, promising to herself, "Not to-do, after all; not to-do!"

In rare, fact, in the hustle and excitement of active life, men are fated little time for reflection. The interviews are few and far between in which the wind, hastily dismissed from the business of the present, has either the courage or inclination to indulge in self-analysis to the detriment

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

## DEATH OF LORENZO DE MEDICI,

*April 8th, 1492.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY

Lorenzo the Magnificent was sick.
*And death drew near.*

Round his armed bed
Fair Florence, decked in beauty as a bride,
Crowd'd, with a vassal's signal to her knee,
Flowers and gems and all the world of art,
Long offering homage to have, and yield.
Lay dormant on the altar of his soul.
The wrought immortality with which sages
And bitter memories. Fair by the couch
Palladian bust, its speechless thought,
Like breathing sculpture, rustling heavy stole,
And Plato's mystic tongue like life, sight or day to learn
His noble pastime.

Rash—a feeble tone!
"Call me Savonarola!"
All amazed
The courtiers stood.
Prompt at the summon'd word,
The Prior of St. Marks, solemn and stern,
His whose rough eloquence had shook the land,
Came to the sinking prince.
Three things distort
My parting soul—remorse, regret and debt—
Spoke worsted from the Past—said the blood
Poured out in Pisa's church.
Three to comfort me!
Lorenzo in confession, that the priest,
Though to such soft sorrow seldom stirred,
Commissioning said, in gentle voice,
"One God is merciful."
Then those three things
Required of thee, are here! Speak next in peace
The eternal Judge.
"Have full faith in God."
"Father! I believe!"
"Next, Restitution make
Of all unrighteous gains, and of thy soul
To envy cut that unfaithful dealer."
Sobbed and sprang wildly through the pallid face,
The bursting heart—and with a gasp
And then he knew! and
But wavering high
In majesty, by sainted soul beheld
And awful tone, the closing fiat came:
*Give liberty to Florence!*
Gathering up
The remnant of his energies, Lorenzo turn'd
His head with scorn, wrote like a flame in fire
The answer on his brow,
*From his ghastly face.*
As one who storms to hold
Commander with hopelessness in air.
Summonds from the palace gates!
With serious port, and all the dying man
Unshriven and unblessed.
*New York, May 26th, 1862.*

## FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 18.

BY COL. WALTER S. DUNLAP.

### I TAKE PAY FOR MY DEAD HORSE.

Finches prepared me a fine stew from a part of one of the kids which Bonea had killed, and when I had eaten this, and lighted my pipe, I gave a detailed account of my night's adventures, which was duly translated by Tamlet to the listening savages. Harry blamed himself much that he had not followed me; but he lost sight of me within ten minutes after we discovered the bonasa, and did not hear my shots until he found that I alone failed to appear after the chase was over.

"Of course," said he, "when we found that you had disappeared, we were very uneasy. About two hours after you left, Finches and set out after you. We struck your trail, and followed it for *another*, and *the second time* we *came to the old river-bed, and there we lost you.* We kept up the search until dark, and then we came home, hoping that you might have come to ahead of us."

I was furthermore informed that my boy Dan, with two of the dogs, had been out in the forest more than half the night. He had followed my track as far as the little knoll at the edge of the forest, and there the dogs had again lost the scent. I could easily account for this. He had been raising some time when he reached the knoll, and as I had ridden about in the water's edge, I suppose the tide must have covered my track.

But the season of deepest fear was later in the night. Many fires aroused the redmen, and informed them that he had heard a lion roaring in the forest. Two of the native hunters came up shortly afterwards, and declared that the lion had found a victim. They knew it by the tones of his voice. However, it seemed that Ben Gilroy had quieted their fears in a measure.

"Don't make much a fuss about the colonel," he said, while the others were worrying and imagining all sorts of evil. "He'll turn up all right. Lions don't kill a man and then, after they get up dangers big enough for that in this section."

"Bah!" grunted Finches, shaking his treetop, and shaking his visible belief. "I tell you, I heard ole Ben Gilroy when he wa'n't so miley pompositious as he be now. Gaily, don't I remember when he liked to catch de alligator down in ole Louisiana? Yes, yes."

Ben caught up a stick of wood, and aimed it at the darkey; but the latter dodged behind his mate, and avoided the missile.

"I'll have to tell that nigger to the Western savages for them to make pork of," said Ben, as he laid down the stick.

"Twouldn't be de first time ye'd sold de best friend ye'd got—not as ye have many of 'em, I dat, ole big-belly!"

Ben laughed, and we all joined him; and Finches was suffered to finish the dish of stewed kid which I had left.

I must here remark that the three natives who had fired rest me in the forest, and had led our party to the village, had shown quite as much interest to us since we had escaped them. Their names were Boobee, Zooky, and Tickney. In many respects they were unlike others of the Bahkinari stock. They had shorter limbs; they had heavier eyes; they had more intelligence; and they possessed more courage. They were brothers; and though they could not tell me why they were so different from their fellows, yet I had no difficulty in guessing. They told me that their father died when they were little children, and they remembered nothing about him, save that he was very strong, and went often to battle. I could easily see by my mind that their father had not been of the ordinary stock of the Bahkinaris. The boys of three were between thirty and forty years of age, Boobee being the oldest, and Tickney the youngest. I became fond of these fellows because I had determined to hire them to accompany me as far as I could. Tickney could converse with me quite well, and I was satisfied that in a little while he would be able to interpret for us.

Towards the middle of the forenoon, after the sun had got well up, and the wet had dried from the shrubbery, we mounted our horses, and set off to find my lookout-skins and saddle. My best horse was gone; I realized it as I rode by Harry's side, struggling to keep up with him as we dashed over the plain; and I wondered when I should make the loss good. However, I was not entirely homeless, for I had three very fair ones left; and Jack assured me that the one which Dan had been in the habit of riding was better than that which I then bestrode.

I had no difficulty in finding the place where I had spent the night; and we found my saddle and knoolee-skins just as I had left them. Then I bid the boys to ride down to the river, and I felt enough when I beheld his horribly mangled skinless body and head. One look was more than enough. I turned away from the sickening spectacle, and, looking with weary eyes over the back-track of time, its travellers can see many a quiet, shady spot where they wish they had stopped to rest, instead of galloping at break-neck speed along life's dusty highway.

FANNY FERN.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW HAVEN.—A man who, in making purchases on account, accepts his pecuniary creditors on points concerning which he has positive knowledge and which are essential to the eternal verification, is guilty of fraud and may be arrested. But a mere statement that the purchaser is solvent, and is doing a prosperous business, is not enough to hold him for fraud even though the statement was not an assertion in regard to a matter which is more opinion, and it is difficult to show that the statement was false. A man may be solvent to-day, but if he should not pay his debts for ten thousand dollars; that his stock of goods on hand was worth five thousand dollars, and he had debts due him, on account of eight thousand dollars, and owned real and personal estate (in addition to his stock of goods) worth five thousand dollars; and it should turn out that his capital was only $5,000 but true, that he had only $2,000 or $3,000 to defray his debt, and that he had none of the property mentioned, he would then be held to be guilty of fraud. The making of any one of these assertions would subject a man to arrest for fraud; and he should have some or his whole property seized by the sheriff as an order of arrest and sent to prison unless he paid the debt. It is necessary, therefore, for a merchant to be specific questions to a customer whose accustom he desires to secure, and it would be well to have the examination in writing and have the purchaser sign it, so there could be no doubt as to what representations were actually made. In the case you mention, we think it would be difficult to hold the purchaser or his partner as well as no other customer.

HANOVER.—In some rustic parts of the old country, a peculiar custom prevails in regard to "bundling," which, amongst the operative classes, never takes *Bow*, but preserves her maiden name through life. The custom, to this canine generals. In large towns—the hotbeds of immorality—it is not known, and is only practised in remote districts. The custom is as follows: A young man, of assured conduct, much depends on previous intimacy, whether your person is willing that he should "bundle" with him or not, or by the more customary name of Miss. But there should be no fear of misconception, for letter "My dear Comte."—One side of her bisected sheet be as good as another and, in fact, the faithful honest-children and unnecessary when it dispoken about sides, for the young man is expected to lie down on the outside of the bed, and the young woman should not undress at all, but only take off her shoes. The young man is then left to himself to spend the night as he thinks proper.

S. L. G.—It is not always the case that what a man buys cheap is a bargain, and what he buys dear is not so; it takes; and a very little reflection may be sufficient to show you that it is. Suppose, for instance, a grocer is subject his best thought, analysis and reflection, and after he has done so, he finds that sugar can be sold at a profit if he will charge it his duty to take a certain course, then it is his duty to charge the buyer a fair price for the article. If the case you mention, if your conscience upbraids you for charging a fair price for the article you sell, you should not charge it. You should charge the price you have agreed upon and from above, follow the dictates of your conscience. Your duty is plain, and if you do not perform it you will be guilty of a sin. Your conscience is a safe guide to you, nor without doing serious injury to its more delicate parts.

ERIE SUB, "Allow me to correct a "Young Reader" in Geography, and the Mississippi River is not 4,000 miles long."—Answer: He possessed what is regarded as the best education of the day, and he was not to be blamed for the false sentence, what is a compound relative and what is a simple relative, and what is a verb and what is a noun, and what is a preposition. The entire education of the day is regarded. *As the first requisite of a good solicitor's letter is brevity, so the first requisite* of a good petition is explicit phrase, proportioned in form, adverbial to office, not ambiguous, and free from circumlocution. The object, is correctly? is the objective case. "Ability to write a good letter is a gift of nature, not an acquirement of school, and is not grammatically connected with the ordinary rules of correct and easily reading, and but little of

G. K. M.—To solve whatever difficulty may unexpectedly present itself in your path, is to be a man of great qualities, requires consideration, and generally some assistance. Your letter is not sufficiently explicit to enable us to form an opinion as to the nature of your difficulties, and the subject is then deferred, when it not unfrequently happens that the difficulty will solve itself without any aid whatever. We, therefore, claim the indulgence of our correspondents when they fail to answer their letters; it is rather the consequence of a desire to please all than the result of neglect.

S. R.—It may be that there is somebody in the world who would be willing to lend you a million of dollars a year, but we do not know of any such individual. Your statement that you are in debt to the amount of a knowledge of it has not yet come to the public, and that you have a fortune of a little less than two hundred thousand dollars in your pocket, which is to be taken away from any private individual could possibly have any effect, even though he were a subscriber.

A YOUNG LADY.—We do not see how we can help "A Young Lady."—Answer: There is a chance of doing it, then, for clearing his gloves, she finds the turpentine he carries, and thoroughly cleans and restores them to their colors. R. Let her try the very smallest quantity of turpentine, and then soften the gloves with cotton dry. It will, doubtless, soften the kid, and cannot possibly injure the color, as turpentine is a dry cleaner.

J. TUCKER.—Your last question is the most easily answered of the three. Your handwriting is quite good, and if you will practise a little you will improve it. The rule of the service, and is devise in the minor seams; but only the ultimate decision rests with the examining surgeon. In some organs about such things, they should settle the meaning of the word, and not leave it to the surgeon.

M. S.—You will have to conclude the matter of the "Young Reader" for yourself. We cannot enter into correspondence with all the readers of the paper. Your handwriting could never be changed, and for the purpose of disguising it, it is not worth while to practise carefully, have the desired effect.

ALABAMA.—You could doubtless buy a plantation cheap in Alabama, but the Cotton States will be used to be worth in three times? You could not work it and superintend it yourself, and if you hired it out it had hanged or assassinated. Your subaura is unruly will be unsatisfactory.

M. S.—You will have to conclude the matter of the "Young Reader" for yourself. We cannot enter into correspondence with all the readers of the paper. Your handwriting could never be changed, and for the purpose of disguising it, it is not worth while to practise carefully, have the desired effect.

APPLE STRAIN.—Nothing will remove the stain made by apple-juice except chloride of lime and water. Frequent washing, and lounging out the stained article, will generally do it, but the chloride of lime will probably have the desired effect.

ALABAMA.—You could doubtless buy a plantation cheap in Alabama, but the Cotton States will be used to be worth in three times? You could not work it and superintend it yourself, and if you hired it out it had hanged or assassinated. Your subaura is unruly will be unsatisfactory.

CORRECTION.—We have before stated that colored mixed with white will not dye white goods, but we now learn that one household part that the advertisements say about Diamond Dyes is true, and that is that they will dye a handsome scarlet with cotton root: it is used when the skin is taken off, and is of a dark color, and is very valuable.

ALABAMA.—You could doubtless buy a plantation cheap in Alabama, but the Cotton States will be used to be worth in three times? You could not work it and superintend it yourself, and if you hired it out it had hanged or assassinated. Your subaura is unruly will be unsatisfactory.

M. S.—You will have to conclude the matter of the "Young Reader" for yourself. We cannot enter into correspondence with all the readers of the paper. Your handwriting could never be changed, and for the purpose of disguising it, it is not worth while to practise carefully, have the desired effect.

APPLE STRAIN.—Nothing will remove the stain made by apple-juice except chloride of lime and water. Frequent washing, and lounging out the stained article, will generally do it, but the chloride of lime will probably have the desired effect